

Accessions

149.594

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THE
CONSPIRACIE,
And
Tragoedy of
CHARLES
DUKE OF BYRON,
Marshall of *France*.

*Acted lately in two Playes, at the
Blacke-Friers, and other publique Stages.*

Written by *George Chapman.*

LONDON:
Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Thorp*. 1625.

Dramatis Personæ

Henry: King of France.

Charles Duke of Byron his favorite

Savoy.

Rochas } Attendants on Savoy
Rochette }
Breton }

Capin. Amate & contented Courtier.

Alberto the fishhook

Orange his favorite

D'Amall: A banished French Lord

Vicote the Archduke's Agent

Count Mansfield a Galian Commander

Roisseau

Beljux } Commissioners for the Archduke.
Lebert }

Duke Nemours } French noblemen
Count Sorjon }

Labrosse a Magician.

D'Avergne friend to Byron

Count Effernon

Count Fanin } French Courtiers
D'Aumont }

Cregui

Attendant on Byron

Three Ladies

149.594

May. 1873



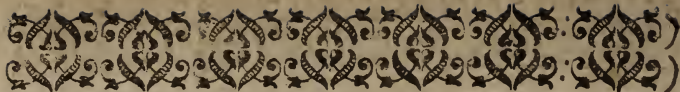
TO MY HONORABLE
and Constant Friend, S^r. *Thomas*

Walsingham, Knight : And to my much
loued from his birth, the right toward and
Worthy Gentleman his sonne, Thomas
Walsingham, Esquire.

SIR, though I know, you euer stood little
affected to these vnprofitable rites of De-
dication; (which disposition in you, hath
made me hitherto dispencc with your
right in my other Impressions) yet, least
the World may repute it a neglect in me, of so an-
cient and worthy a friend; (hauing heard your approba-
tion of these in their presentment) I could not but
prescribe them with your name; and that my affection
may extend to your Posterity, I haue entituled to it,
herein, your hope and comfort in your generous Son;
whom I doubt not, that most reuerenc'd Mother of
Manly Sciences; to whole instruction your vertuous
care commits him; will so profitably initiate in her
learned labours, that they will make him flourish in
his riper life, ouer the idle liues of our ignorant Gen-
tlemen; and enable him to supply the Honourable
places of your name; extending your yeares, and his
right noble Mothers (in the true comforts of his ver-
tues) to the sight of much, and most happy Progeny;
which most affectionately wishing, and diuiding these
poore. dismember'd Poems betwixt you, I desire to
liue still in your gracefull loues; and euer,

The most assured at your Commandments;

GEORGE CHAPMAN.



PROLOGVE.

WHen the vnciuill, ciuill warres of France,
Had pour'd vpon the Countries beaten brest,
Her batter'd Cities; prest her vnder hils
Of slaughter'd carcasses; set her in the mouthes
Of murderious breaches, and made pale Despaire,
Leaue her to Ruine; through them all, Byron
Stept to her rescue; tooke her by the hand:
Pluckt her from vnder her unnaturall presse,
And set her shining in the height of peace.
And now new cleans'd, from dust, from sweat, and blood,
And dignified with title of a Duke;
As when in wealthy Autumne, his bright starre
(washt in the lofty Ocean) thence ariseth;
Illustrates heauen, and all his other fires
Out-shines and darkens; so admir'd Byron,
All France, exempted from comparison.
He toucht heauen with his Launce; nor yet was toucht
With hellish treachery: his Countries loue,
He yet thirsts: not the faire shades of himselfe:
Of which impoysoned Spring; when policy drinkes,
He bursts in growing great; and rising, sinks:
Which now behold in our Conspirator,
And see in his reuolt, how honors flood
Ebbes into ayre, when men are Great, not Good.

ACTVS

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochette, Breton.

Sau. **I** Would not for halfe *Sauoy*, but haue bound
France to some fauour, by my personall presence
 More than your selfe, (my Lord Ambassadour)
 Could haue obtain'd; for all Ambassadours
 (You know) haue chiefly these instructions;
 To note the State and chiefe sway of the Court,
 To which they are employ'd; to penetrate
 The heart and marrow of the Kings designs,
 And to obserue the countenances and spirits,
 Of such as are impatient of rest;
 And wring beneath, some private discontent:
 But, past all these, there are a number more
 Of these State Criticisnes: That our personall view
 May profitably make, which cannot fall
 Within the powers of our instruction,
 To make you comprehend; I will do more
 With my meere shadow, then you with your persons.
 All you can say against my coming heere,
 Is that, which I confesse, may for the time,
 Breede strange affections in my brother *Spaine*;
 But when I shall haue time to make my Cannons,
 The long-tong'd Heralds of my hidden drifts,
 Our reconcilment will be made with triumphs.

Ron. If not, your Highnesse hath final cause to care,
 Hauing such worthy reason to complaine
 Of *Spaines* cold friendship, and his lingering succours,
 Who onely entertaines your griefes with hope,
 To make your medecine desperate.

Roch. My Lord knowes
 The Spanish glosse too well; his forme, stufte, lasting,
 And the most dangerous conditions,
 He layes on them with whom he is in league,
 Thiniustice in the most vnequall dowe,

Given

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Giuen with th' *Infanta*, whom my Lord espousde,
 Compar'd with that her elder sister had,
 May tell him how much *Spaines* loue weighs to him;
 When of so many Globes and Scepters hel
 By the great King, he onely would bestow
 A portion but of six score thousand Crownes
 In yearely pension, with his highnesse wife,
 When the *Infanta* wedded by the Arch-duke
 Had the French Bounty, and low Prouinces.

Bret. We should not set these passages of spleene
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*; to the weaker part,
 More good by sufferance growes, then deedes of heart
 The neerer Princes are, the further off
 In rites of friendship; my aduice had neuer
 Consented to this voyage of my Lord,
 In which he doth indanger *Spaines* whole losse,
 For hope of some poore fragment heere in *France*.

Sau. My hope in *France* you know not, though my counsell,
 And for my losse of *Spaine*, it is agreede,
 That I should slight it, oft-times Princes rules
 Are like the Chymicall Philosophers;
 Leau me then to mine owne protection,
 In this our thrifty Alchymie of state,
 Yet helpe me thus farre, you that haue bin heere
 Our Lord Ambassadour, and in short informe me.
 What Spirits here are fit for our designes.

Ron. The new-created Duke *Byron* is fit,
 Were there no other reason for your presence,
 To make it worthy, for he is a man
 Of matchlesse valour, and was euer happy
 In all encounters, which were still made good,
 With an vnwearied sence of any toyle,
 Hauing continued foureteene dayes together
 Vpon his horse, his blood is not voluptuous,
 Nor much inclinde to women, his desires,
 Are higher then his state, and his deserts
 Not much short of the most he can desire,
 If they be weigh'd with what *France* fees by them:

He

He is past measure glorious: And that humour
Is fit to feede his Spirits, whom it possesseth
With faith in any errour; chiefly where
Men blow it vp, with prayse of his perfections,
The taste whereof in him so soothes his palate,
And takes vp all his appetite that oft times
He will refuse his meate, and company
To feast alone with their most strong conceit;
Ambition also, cheeke by cheeke doth match
With that excessse of glory, both sustaine
With an unlimited fancy, that the King,
Nor *France* it selfe, without him can subsist,

San. He is the man (my Lord) I come to win;
And that supream intention of my presence
Saw neuer light till now, which yet I feare,
The politick king suspecting, is the cause
That he hath sent him so farre from my reach,
And made him chiefe in the Commission,
Of his ambassage to my brother Arch-duke,
With whom hee is now; and (as I am told)
So entertaind and fitted in his humour,
That ere I part, I hope he will returne
Prepar'd, and made the more fit for the physicke
That I intend to minister.

Ron. My Lord,
There is another discontented Spirit
Now here in Court, that for his braine, and aptnes
To any course that may recover him
In his declined and litigious state,
Will serue *Byron*, as he were made for him,
In giuing vent to his ambitious vaine,
And that is, *De Laffin*.

San. You tell me true,
And him I thinke you haue prepar'd for me.

Ron. I haue my Lord, and doubt not he will prooue,
Of the yet taintlesse fortresse of *Byron*,
A quicke Expugner, and a strong Abider.

San. Perhaps the bartry will be brought before him,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

In this ambassage, for I am assur'd
They set high price of him, and are inform'd
Of all the passages, and meanes for mines
That may be thought on, to his taking in:

Enter Henry and Laffin.

The King comes, and *Laffin*:
The Kings aspect folded in cloudes.

Hen. I will not haue any traine,
Made a reite for Bankrouts, nor my Court,
A hye for Droanes: proud Beggars, and true Thieues;
That with a forced truth they sweare to me,
Robbe my poore subjects, shall giue vp the Arts,
And hencefoorth learne to liue by their desarts;
Though I am growne, by right of Birth and Armes
Into a greater kingdom, I will spreade
With no more shade, then may admit that kingdom
Her proper, naturall, and wonted fruites,
Nauarre shall be *Nauarre*, and *France* still *France*:
If one may bee the better for the other
By mutuall rites, so, neyther shall be worse.
Thou art in law, in quarrells, and in debt;
Which thou woldst quit with countenance; borrowing
With thee is purchase, and thou seekst by me
(In my supportance) now our old warres cease
To wage worse battels, with the armes of Peace.

Laf. Peace must not make men Cowards, nor keepe calme
Her pursie regiment with mens smotherd breaths;
I must confesse my fortunes are decline,
But neither my deseruings, nor my minde:
I seeke but to sustaine the right I found,
When I was rich, in keeping what is left,
And making good my honour as at best,
Though it be hard; mans right to euery thing
Wanes with his wealth, wealth is his surest King;
Yet Iustice should be still indifferent.
The ouer-plus of Kings, in all their might,
Is but to peece out the defects of right:
And this I sue for, nor shall frownes and taunts

(The

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

(The common Scarre-crowes of all poore mens suites)
Nor mis-construction that doth colour still
Licentiary Iustice, punishing good for ill,
Keeps my free throate from knocking at the skie,
If thaunder chid me for my equity.

Hen. Thy equity, it is to bee euer banisht
From Court, and all societie of noblenesse,
Amongst whome thou throwst balls of all dissension;
Thou art at peace with nothing but with warre,
Hast no heart but to hurt, and eatst thy heart,
If it but thinke of doing any good:
Thou witch'st with thy smiles, suckst blood with prayse
Mock'st all humanity; society poysonst;
Coosinst with vertue; with religion
Betrayst, and massacre'st; so vile thy selfe,
That thou suspectst perfection in others:
A man must thinke of all the villanies
He knowes in all men, to descipher thee,
That art the centre to impietie:
Away, and tempt me not.

Laf. But you tempt me,

To what, thou Sun be iugde, and make him see *Exit.*

Sau. Mow by my dearest Marquissate of *Salusses*,
Your Maiesty hath with the greatest
Discrib'd a wicked man; or rather thrust
Your arme downe through him to his very feete,
And pluckt his inside out, that euer yet,
My eares did witnesse; or turnd eares to Eies;
And those strange Characters, writ in his face,
Which at first sight, were hard for me to reade,
The Doctrine of your speech, hath made so plaine,
That I run through them like my naturall language:
Nor do I like that mans Aspect, me thinkes,
Of all lookes where the Beames of Starres haue caru'd
Their powerfull influences; And (O rare)
What an heroicke, more than royall Spirite
Bewraid you in your first speech, that defies
Protection of vile droanes, that eate the honny

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Sweate from laborious vertue, and denies
 To giue those of *Navarre*, though bred with you.
 The benefites and dignities of *France*.
 When little Riuers by their greedy currants,
 (Farre faire extended from their their mother springs)
 Drink v^p the forraine brookes still as they runne,
 And force their greatnesse when they come to Sea,
 And iustle with the Ocean for a roome,
 Oh how he roares, and takes them in his mouth,
 Digesting them so to his proper streames,
 That they are no more scene, hee nothing raise
 About his vsuall boundes, yet they deuoured,
 That of themselues were pleasant, goodly foulds.

Hen. I would doe best for both, yet shall not be secure,
 Till in some absolute heires my Crowne bee settled,
 There is so little now betwixt Aspirers
 And their great obiect in my onely selfe,
 That all the strength they gather vnder me,
 Tempts combat with mine owne: I therefore make
 Meanes for some issue by my marriage,
 Which with the great Dukes neece is now concluded,
 And shee is conning; I trust in heauen
 I am not yet so olde, but I may spring,
 And then I hope all traytors hopes will fade.

San. Else may their whole estates flie, rooted v^p
 To Ignominie and Obluion:
 And being your neighbours seruant and poore kinsman
 I wish your mighty Race might multiply,
 Euen to the Period of all Emperie.

Hen. Thanks to my princely cozen, this your loue,
 And honor shoune me in your personall presence,
 I wish to welcome to your full content:
 The peace I now make with your brother Arch-duke,
 By Duke *Byron* our Lord Ambassadour,
 I wish may happily extend to you,
 And that at his returne wee may conclude it.

San. It shall be to my heart the happiest day
 Of all my life, and that life all employd,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To celebrate the honour of that day. *Exeunt.*

Enter Roiseau.

Roif. The wondrous honor done our Duke *Byron*
In his Ambassage heere, in th' Arch-dukes Court,
I feare will taint his loyaltie to our King,
I will obserue how they obserue his humour,
And glorifie his valure; and how hee
Accepts and stands attractive to their ends,
That so I may not seeme an idle spot
In traine of this ambassage, but returne
Able to giue our King some note of all,
Worth my attendance: And see, heere's the man,
Who (though a French-man, and in *Orleance* borne
Seruing the Arch-Duke) I doe most suspect,
Is sent to be the tempter of our Duke;
He goe where I may see, although not heare.

Enter Picotè, with two other spreading a Carpet.

Pic Spread heere this historie of *Cateline*,
That Earth may seeme to bring forth Roman Spirites,
Euen to his Geniall seete; and her darke breast
Bee made the cleare Glasse of his shining Graces,
Weele make his seete so tender, they shall gall
In all paths but to Empire; and therein
He make the sweete steppe of his state beginne. *Exit.*

Lowde Musique, and enter Byron.

Byr. What place is this? what ayre? what region?
In which a man may heare the harmony
Of all things moouing? *Hymen* marries heere,
Their endes and vses and makes me his Temple.
Hath any man bene blessed, and yet liu'd?
The blood turnes in my veines, I stand on change,
And shal dissolue in changing; tis so full
Of pleasure not to bee containde in flesh:
To feare a violent Good, abuseth Goodnesse,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE. 7

Tis Immortality to dye aspiring,
As if a man were taken quick to heauen;
What will not holde Perfection, let it burst:
What force hath any Cannon, not being chargde,
Or being not dischargde? To haue stufte and forme,
And to lie idle, fearefull, and vnus'd,
Nor forme, nor stufte shewes; happy *Semelo*
That died compress'd with Glorie: Happinesse
Denies comparifon, of lesse or more,
And not at most, is nothing: like the shaft
Shot at the Suane, by angry *Hercules*,
And into shiuers by the thunder broke.
Will I be if I burst: And in my heart
This shall be written: yet twas high and right.

Musique againe.

Heere too? they follow all my steppes with Musique,
As if my feete were numerous, and trode sounds
Out of the Center, with *Apolloes* vertue,
That out of euery thing his ech-part toucht,
Strooke musically accents: wherefoere I goe,
They hide the earth from me with coverings rich,
To make me thinke that I am heere in heauen.

Enter Picote in hast.

Pic. This way, your Highnesse.

Byr. Come they?

Pic. I my Lord.

Exeunt.

*Enter the other Commissioners of France, Belieure,
Brulart, Aumall, Orenge.*

Bel. My Lord d' *Aumall*, I am exceeding sorie,
That your owne obstinacie to hold out,
Your mortall enmity against the King,
When Duke *du Maine*, and all the faction yeelded,
Should force his wrath to vse the rites of treason,
Vppon the members of your sencelesse Statue,
Your Name and House, when he had lost your person,
Your loue and duety.

Brn. That which men enforce

By

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

By their owne wilfulnesse ; they must endure
With willing patience, and without complaint.

D' Aum. I vse not much impatience, nor complaint,
Though it offend me much, to haue my name
So blotted with addition of a Traytor.
And by whole memory, (with such despite,
Markt and begun to be so rooted out.)

Brn. It was despite that held you out so long,
Whose penance in the King was needfull iustice.

Bel. Come let vs seeke our Duke, and take our leaues
Of th' Archdukes grace. *Exeunt.*

Enter Byron and Pycote.

Byr. Here may we safely breathe?

Py. No doubt (my lord) no stranger knowes this way;
Only the Arch-duke, and your friend Count *Mansfield*,
Perhaps may make their general scapes to you,
To utter some part of their priuate loues;
Ere your departure.

Byr. Then, I well perceiue
To what th'intention of his highnesse tends;
For whose, and others here, most worthy Lords,
I will become (with all my worth) their seruant,
In any office, but disloyalty;
But that hath euer shoud so fowle a monster
To all my Ancestors, and my former life,
That now to entertaine it; I must wholly
Giue vp my habite, in his contrary,
And strue to growe out of priuation.

Py. My Lord, to weare your loyall habit still,
When it is out of fashion; and hath done
Seruice enough; were rusticke misery:
The habite of a seruile loyalty,
Is reckon'd now amongst priuations,
With blindness, dumbnes, deafnesse, silence, death,
All which are neither natures by themselves
Nor substances, but meere decayes of forme;

And

And absolute decessions of nature,
 And so, 'tis nothing else, what shal you then loose?
 Your highnesse hath a habite in perfection,
 And in desert of highest dignities,
 Which craue your selfe, and beyour own rewarder;
 No true power doth admit priuation,
 Aduerse to him; or suffers any fellow
 Ioynde in his subject; you, superiors;
 It is the nature of things absolute,
 One to destroy another; be your Highnesse,
 Like those steep hills that will admit no cloudes,
 No dewes, nor lest fumes bound about their brows;
 Because their tops pierce into putest ayre,
 Expert of humor; or like ayre it selfe
 That quickly changeth; and receiues the sunne
 Soone as he riseth; euery where dispersing
 His royall splendor; girds it in his beames,
 And makes it selfe the body of the light;
 Hot, shining, swift, light, and aspiring things;
 Are of immortall, and celestiaall nature;
 Cold, darke, dull, heauy of infernall fortunes,
 And neuer ayme at any happinesse:
 Your excellency knowes; that simple loyalty,
 Faith, loue, sincerity, are but words, no things;
 Meerely deuilde for forme; and as the Legate
 Sent from his Holinesse, to frame a peace,
 Twixt *Spaine* and *Sauoy*; labour'd feruently,
 (For common ends, nor for the Dukes pericular)
 To haue him signe it; he againe endeouours
 (Not for the Legates paines, but his own pleasure)
 To gratifie him; and being at last encountred;
 Where the flood *Tessyn* enters into *Po*;
 They made a kinde contention, which of them
 Should enter th'other boate; one thrust the other:
 One legge was ouer, and another in:
 And with a fiery courtesie, at last
Sauoy leapes out, into the Legates armes,
 And here ends all his loue, and th'other labour:

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So shall these termes, and impositions
Express before, hold nothing in themselves
Really good; but flourishes of fame,
And further then they make to priuate ends
None wise, or free, their propper vse intends.

Byr. O'tis a dangerous, and a dreadfull thing
To steale prey from a Lyon; or to hide
A head distrustfull, in his opened iawes;
To trust our blood in other veines; and hang
Twixt heauen and earth, in vapors of their breaths:
To leaue a sure place on continuall earth,
And force a gate in iumps, from tower to tower,
As they doe that aspire, from hight to hight;
The bounds of loyalty are made of glasse,
Soone broke, but can in no date bee repaired;
And as the Duke *D' Aumall*, (now heere in Court)
Flying his conntery, had his Statue torne
Peec-meale with horses: all his goods confiscate,
His Armes of honor, kickt about the streetes,
His goodly house at *Annet* rac'd to th'earth,
And (for a strange reproche of his foule treason)
His trees about it, cut off by their wastes,
So, when men flye the naturall clime of truth,
And turne themselves loose, out of all the bounds
Of Iustice, and the straight way to their ends;
Forfaking all the sure force in themselves
To seeke without them, that which is not theirs,
The formes of all their comforts are distracted;
The riches of their freedoms forfeited;
Their humane noblenesse sham'd; the Mansions
Of their colde spirits, eaten downe with Cares;
And all their ornaments, of wit and valure,
Learning, and iudgment, cut from all their fruites.

Alb. O, here were now the richest prize in *Europe*,
Were he but taken in affection.
Would we might growe together, and be twir'd,
Ofeithers fortune; or that, still embrac't
I were, but Ring to such a pretious stone:

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE

Byr. Your highnesse honors, and high bounty showane me,
Haue won from me, my voluntary power;
And I must now mooue by your eminent will;
To what particular objects; if I know
By this mans intercession, he shall bring:
My vtmost answers, and performe betwixt vs,
Reciprocall, and full intelligence.

Alber. Euen for your owne deserued royall good:
Tis ioyfully accepted, vse the loues
And worthy admirations of our friends,
That beget vovues of all things you can wish,
And be what I wish: danger saies no more. *Exit:*

Enter Mansfield at another doore. Exit Picote.

Man. Your highnes makes the light of this Court steepe,
With your so neere departure, I was forc't.
To tender to your excellence in briebe;
This priuate wish, in taking of my leaue;
That in some army Royall, old Count *Mansfield*,
Might be commanded by your matchlesse valor,
To the supreamest poynt of victory;
Who vovues for that renowne al praier, and seruice.
No more, least I may wrong you. *Exit Man.*

Byr. Thanke your Lordship.

Enter D' Aumall and Oreng.

D'Au. All maiesty be added to your highnesse;
Of which, I would not wish your brest to beare
More modest apprehension: then may tread,
The high gate of your spirit; and be knowne
To be a fit bound for your Boundlesse valor.

Or. So *Oreng* wisheth, and to the desarts
Of your great actions: their most royall Crowne.

Enter Picote.

Pic. Away my Lord, the Lords enquire for you. *Exit Byr.*

Manet Oreng, D'Aum. Roisear.

Ore. Would we might winne his valor to our part.

D'Au.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

D' Au. Tis well prepar'd in his entreaty heere;
 With all states highest obseruations:
 And to their forme, and words, are added gifts,
 He was presented with two goodly horses,
 One of which two, was the braue beast *Pastrana*,
 With plate of gold, and a much prized iewel;
 Girdle and hangers, set with wealthy stones:
 All which were vallew'd, at ten thousand crownes;
 The other Lords had suites of tapistry,
 And chaines of gold, and euery gentleman
 A paire of Spanish Gloues, and Rapire blades:
 And here ends their entreaty; which I hope
 Is the beginning of more good to vs,
 Then twenty thousand times their giftes to them.

Enter Alber: Byr. Beli. Mans. Roiseau, with others.

Alber. My Lord, I grieue that all the setting forth,
 Of our best welcome, made you more retired:
 Your chamber hath beene more lou'd then our honors
 And therefore we are glad your time of parting
 Is come to set you in the ayre you loue:
 Commend my seruice to his Maiesty,
 And tell him that this day of peace with him
 Is held, as holy. All your paynes my Lords
 I shall bee alwayes glad to gratifie
 With any loue and honor, your owne hearts
 Shall do me grace to wish exprest to you.

Rosf. Here hath beene strange demeanoure: which shall flie,
 To the great author of this ambassie.

FINIS Actus 1.

ACT. 2. SCE. 1.

*Sauoy, Laffin, Roneas, Rochette,
 Breton.*

Sauoy. Admit no entry, I will speake with none,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Good signior *de Laffin*, your worth shall finde,
That I will make a iewell for my cabinet,
Or that the King (in surfet of his store)
Hath cast out, as the sweepings of his hall;
I told him, hauing threatned you away,
That I did wonder, this small time of peace,
Could make him cast his armour so securely
In such as you, and as twere set the head
Of one so great in counsailes, on his foote,
And pitch him from him with such guard like strength.

Laffi. He may perhaps finde he hath pitcht away,
The Axel-tree that kept him on his wheelles.

Sau. I told him so, I sweare in other tearmes
And not with too much note of our close loues
Least so he might smokt our practises.

Laffi. To chuse his time, and spit his poyson on me:
Through th'eares, and eies of strangers.

Sau. So I told him
And more then that, which now I will not tell you :
It rests now, then, Noble and worthy friend,
That to our friendship, we draw Duke *Byron*,
To whose attraction there is no such chaine,
As you can fordge, and shake out of your brayne.

Laffi. I haue deuise the fashion and the weight ;
To valures hard to draw, we vse retreates ;
And, to pull shafts home (with a good bow-arme)
We thrust hard from vs; since he came from Flanders -
He heard how I was threatned with the King,
And hath beene much inquisitiue to know
The truth of all, and seekes to speake with me :
The meanes he vsde, I answered doubtfully ;
And with an intimation that I shund him,
Which will (I know) put more spur to his charge :
And if his haughty stomach be preperde,
With will to any act : for the aspiring
Of his ambitious aymes, I make no doubt
But I shall worke him to your highnesse wish.

Sau. But vndertake it, and I rest assur'd :

You.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

You are reported to haue skill in Magicke,
And the euent of things, at which they reach
That are in nature apt to ouer-reach :
Whom the whole circle of the present time,
In present pleasures, fortunes, knowledges,
Cannot containe : those men (as broken loose
From humane limmits) in all violent ends
Would faine aspire the faculties of fiends
And in such ayre breathe his vnbounded spirits,
Which therefore well will fit such coniurations,
Attempt him then by flying, close with him,
And bring him home to vs, and take my dukedom.

Laf. My best in that, and all things vowes your seruice.

Sau. Thankes to my deare friend; and the French *Vlisses*.

Exit Sauoy.

Enter Byron.

Byr. Here is the man; my honor'd friend, *Laffin*?
Alone, and heauy countinanc't? on what termes
Stood th'insultation of the King vpon you?

Laf. Why doe you aske?

Byr. Since I would know the truth.

Laf. And when you know it, what?

Byr. Ile iudge betwixt you,
And (as I may) make euen th'excesse of cyther.

Laf. Alas my Lord, not all your loyalty,
Which is in you; more then hereditary,
Nor all your valure (which is more then humane)
Can do the seruice you may hope on me
In sounding my displeasde integrity;
Stand for the King, as much in policie
As you haue stird for him indeeds of armes,
And make your selfe his glory, and your countries
Till you be suckt as dry, and wrought as leane,
As my fleade carcase: you shall neuer close
With me, as you imagine.

Byr. You much wrong me,
To thinke me an intelligencing instrument.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Laf. I know not how your so affected zeale,
To be repured a true hearted subiect,
May stretch or turne you ; I am desperatd ;
If I offend you, I am in your power :
I care not how I tempt your conquering fury,
I am predestin'd to too base an end,
To haue the honor of your wrath destroy me ;
And be a worthy obiect for your sword :
I lay my hand, and head too at your feete,
As I haue euer, here I hold it still,
End me directly, doe not goe about.

Byr. How strange is this ? the shame of his disgrace
Hath made him lunatique.

Laf. Since the King hath wrong'd me
He thinkes Ile hurt my selfe ; no, no, my Lord :
I know that all the Kings in Christendome,
(If they should ioyne in my reuenge) would proue
Weake foes to him ; still hauing you to friend :
If you were gon (I care not if you tell him)
I might be tempted then to right my selfe. *Exit.*

Byr. He has a will to me, and dares no shew it,
His state decay'd, and he disgrac'd, distracts him.

Redit Laffin.

Laf. Change not my words my Lord, I only sayd
I might be tempted then to right my selfe :
Temptation to treason, is no treason ;
And that word (tempted) was conditionall too,
If you were gone, I pray informe the truth. *Exitur.*

Byr. Stay iniur'd man, and know I am your friend,
Farre from these base, and mercenary reaches,
I am I sweare to you.

Laf. You may be so ;
And yet youle giue me leaue to be *Laffin*,
A poore and expuate humor of the Court :
By what good blood came out with me ; what veines
And sinews of the Triumphs, now it makes ;
I list not vante ; yet will I now confesse,
And dare assume it ; I haue power to adde

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To all his greatnesse; and make yet more fixt
 His bold security; Tell him this my Lord;
 And this (if all the spirits of earth and ayre,
 Be able to enforce) I can make good:
 If knowledge of the sure euent of things,
 Euen from the rise of subiects into Kings:
 And falles of Kings to subiects hold a power
 Of strength to worke it; I can make it good;
 And tell him this to; if in midst of winter
 To make black Groues grow greene; to still the thunder;
 And cast out able flashe from mine eyes,
 To beate the lightning backe in the skies,
 Proue power to do it, I can make it good,
 And tell him this too; if to lift the Sea
 Vp to the Starres, when all the Windes are still;
 And keep it calme, when they are most enrag'd:
 To make earths driest palms, sweate humorous springs
 To make fixt rockes walke; and loose shadowes stand,
 To make the dead speake; mid-night see the Sun,
 Mid-day turne mid-night; to dissolue all lawes
 Of nature, and of order, argue power
 Able to worke all, I can make all good,
 And all this tell the King.

Byr. Tis more then strange,
 To see you stand thus at the rapiers poynt
 With one so kinde, and sure a friend as I.

Laf. Who cannot friend himselfe, is foe to any,
 And to be fear'd of all, and that is it,
 Makes me skorn'd, but make me what you can;
 Neuer so wicked, and so full of feends,
 I neuer yet was traytor to my friends:
 The lawes of friendship I haue euer held,
 As my religion; and for other lawes;
 Hee is a foole that keepees them with more care,
 Then they keepe him, safe, rich and populare:
 For riches, and for populare respects
 Take them amongst yee Minions, but for safety,
 You shall not finde the least slay in mine armes;

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To pierce or taint me ; what will great men be,
To please the King, and beare authority. *Exit.*

Byr. How fit a sort were this to hanſell fortune?
And I will winne it though I looſe my ſelfe,
Though he prooue harder then *Egyptian* Marble,
Ile make him malliable, as th'*Ophyr* gold ;
I am put off from this dull ſhore of Eaſt,
Into induſtrious, and high-going Seas ;
Where like *Pelides* in *Scamander* flood,
Vp to the eares in ſurges, I will fight,
And plucke French *Ilion* vnderneath the waues ;
If to be higheſt ſtill, be to be beſt,
All workes, to that end are the wortheiſt :
Truth is a golden Ball, caſt in our way,
To make vs ſtrip't by falſe-hood : And as *Spaine*
When the hot ſcuſſles of *Barbarian* armes,
Smother'd the life of *Don Sebastian*,
To gild the leaden rumor of his death
Gau'e for a ſlaught'r'd body (held for his)
A hundred thouſand crownes ; cau'd all the ſtate
Of ſuperſtitious *Portugall*, to mourne
And celebrate his ſolemne funerals ;
The Moores to conqueſt, thankfull feaſts preferre,
And all made with the carcaſſe of a *Switzer* ;
So in the Gyant-like, and politique warres
Of barbarous greatneſſe, raging ſtill in peace,
Showes to aſpire iuſt obiects ; are layd on
With coſt, with labour, and with forme enough,
Which onely makes our beſt acts brooke the light,
And their ends had, we thinke we haue their right,
So worſt workes are made good, with good ſucceſſe,
And ſo for Kings, pay ſubiect's carcaſes. *Exit.*

Enter Henry, Roſeau.

Hen. Was he ſo courted ?

Roiſ. As a City Dame,
Brought by her iealous husband, to the Court,

Some

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Some elder Courtiers entertaining him,
 While others snatch, a fauour from his wife:
 One starts from this doore; from that nooke another
 With gifts, and iunkets, and with printed phrase,
 Steale her employment, shifting place by place
 Still as her husband comes: so Duke Byron
 Was woode, and worshipt in the Arch-dukes court,
 And as the assitants that your Maiety,
 Ioynd in Commission with him, or my selfe,
 Or any other doubted eye appear'd,
 He euer vanisht: and as such a dame,
 As we compar'd with him before, being won
 To breake faith to her husband, loose her fame,
 Staine both their progenies, and comming fresh
 From vnderneath the burthen of her shame,
 Visits her husband with as chaste a brow,
 As temperate, and confirm'd behaiour,
 As she came quitted from confession.
 So from his scapes, would he present a presence,
 The practise of his state adultery,
 And guilt that should a gracefull bosome strike,
 Drown in the set lake, of a hopelesse cheeke.

Hen. It may be hee dissembled, or suppose,
 He be a little tainted; men whom vertue
 Formes with the stufte of fortune, great, and gracious
 Must needs pertake with fortune in her humor
 Of instability: end are like to shafts
 Growne crookt with standing, which to rectifie,
 Must twice as much be bowd another way,
 He that hath borne wounds for his worthy parts,
 Must for his worst be borne with: we must fit
 Our gouernment to men, as men to it:
 In old time they that hunted sauadge beasts,
 Are said to cloth themselues in satiage skinneres,
 They that were Fowlers when they went on Fowling,
 Wore garments made with wings resembling Fowles,
 To Buls: we must not shew our selues in red,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Nor to the warlike Elephant in white,
 In all things govern'd, their infirmities
 Must not be stir'd, nor wrought on; Duke *Byron*
 Flowes with adust, and melancholy choller,
 And melancholy spirits are venomous:
 Not to be toucht, but as they may be cur'd;
 I therefore meane to make him change the ayre;
 And send him further then those Spanish vapors,
 That still beare fighting sulphur in their breasts,
 To breath a while in temperate English ayre,
 Where lips are spic'd with free and loyal counsailes,
 Where policies are not ruinous, but sauing;
 Wisdome is simple, valure righteous,
 Humaine, and hating facts of brutish forces,
 And whose graue natures, scorne the scoffs of *France*;
 The empty complements of *Italy*,
 The any-way encroching pride of *Spaine*,
 And loue men modest, harty, iust, and playne.

Sauoy, whispering with Laffin.

Sau. Ile found him for *Byron*; and what I finde,
 In the Kings depth; ile draw vp, and informe,
 In excitations to the Dukes reuolt,
 When next I meete with him.

Laf. It must be done
 With praising of the Duke; from whom the king
 Will take to giue himselfe; which told the Duke,
 Will take his heart vp into all ambition.

Sau. I know it (politicke friend) and tis my purpose, *Exit Laf.*
 Your Maiesty hath wist a royall sight,
 The Duke *Byron*, on his braue beast *Pastorana*,
 Who sits him like a full-sail'd Agrosea,
 Danc'd with a lofty billow, and as snug
 Plyes to his bearer, both their motions mixt;
 And being considred in their site together,
 They do the best present the state of man,
 In his first royaltie ruling; and of beasts
 In their first loyalty seruing; one commanding,
 And no way being mou'd; the other seruing,

And.

And no way being compeld; of all the fights
That euer my eye witnest; and they make
A doctrinall and witty Hieroglyphick,
Of a blest kingdome; to expresse and teach,
Kings to command as they could serue, and subjects
To serue as if they had power to command.

Hen. You are a good old horseman I perceiue,
And still out all the vse of that good part:
Your wit is of the true *Piercean* spring,
That can make any thing, of any thing.

San. So braue a subject as the Duke, no king
Seated on earth, can vaunt of, but your highnesse,
So valiant, loyall, and so great in seruice.

Hen. No question he sets valour in his height,
And hath done seruice to an equall pitche,
Fortune attending him with fit euents,
To all his ventrous and well-layd attempts.

San. Fortune to him was *Iuno*, to *Alcides*,
For when, or where did she but open way,
To any act of his? what stone tooke he
With her help, or without his owne lost bloud?
What fort won he by her? or not was forc't?
What victory but gainst odds? on what Commander
Sleepy, or negligent, did he euer charge?
What Summer euer made she faire to him?
What winter, not of one continued storme?
Fortune is so farre from his Creditresse,
That she owes him much; for in him, her looks
Are louely, modest, and magnanimous,
Constant, victorious; and in his Achieuements,
Her cheeks are drawne out with a vertuous rednes,
Out of his eager spirit to victory,
And chaste contention to conuince with honor;
And (I haue heard) his spirits haue flow'd so high,
In all his conflicts against any odds,
That (in his charge) his lips haue bled with seruor:
How seru'd he at your famous sledge of *Drenx*?
Where the enemy (assur'd of victory)

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drew out a body of foure thousand horse,
 And twice fixe thousand foote, and like a Crescent,
 Stood for the signall, you: (that show'd your selfe
 A sound old souldier) thinking it not fit
 To giue your enemy the ods, and honour
 Of the first stroke, commanded *de la Guiche*,
 To let flye all his cannons, that did pierce
 The aduerse thickest squadrons, and had shot
 Nine volleies ere the foe had once giuen fire.
 Your troope was charg'd, and when your dukes old father,
 Met with th' assailants, and their Groue of Reiters
 Repulst so fircely, made them turne their beards
 And rallie vp themselues behind their troopes:
 Fresh forces seeing your troopes a little seuerd,
 From that first part assaulted, gaue it charge,
 Which then, this duke made good, seconds his father,
 Beates through and through the enemies greatest strength,
 And breakes the rest like Billowes gainst a rock
 And there the heart of that huge battaile broke.

Hen. The heart but now came on, in that strong body,
 Of twice two thousand horse, lead by *Du Maine*
 Which (if I would be glorious) I could say
 I first encountered,

San. How did he take in
Beaune in view of that inuincible army
 Lead by the Lord great Constable of Castile?
Autun, and *Nuis*: in Burgundy chaff away,
Vicount Tauannes troopes before Dijon,
 And puts himsele in, and there was that won.

Hen. If you would onely giue me leaue my Lord,
 I would do right to him, yet you must not giue.

San. A league from *Fontaine Francois*, when you sent him;
 To make discouery of the Castile army,
 When he discern'd twas it (with wondrous wisdom
 Ioynd to his spirite) he seem'd to make retreat,
 But, when they prest him, and the Barron of Lux,
 Set on their change so hotly, that his horse,
 Was slayne, and he most dangerously engag'd,

Then:

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Then turn'd your braue duke head, and (with such ease
As doth an Eccho beate backe violent sounds,
With their owne forces he, (as if a wall
Start sudainly before them) pass't them all
Flat, as the earth, and there was that field won.

Hen. Y'are all the fiede wide,

Sen. Oh, I aske you pardon,
The strength of that field yet lay in his backe,
Vpon the foes part; and what is to come,
Of this your Marshall, now your worthy Duke
Is much beyond the rest; for now he sees
A sort of horse troopes, issue from the woods,
In number neere twelue hundred; and retyring
To tell you that the entire army follow'd,
Before he could relate it, he was forc't
To turne head, and receiue the maine assault
Of fise horse troopes: onely with twenty horse:
The first he met, he tumbled to the earth,
And brake through al, not daunted with two wounds,
One on his head, another on his brest,
The blood of which, drown'd all the field in doubt:
Your maiesty himselfe was then engag'd,
Your power not yet arriu'd, then vp you brought
The little strength you had; a cloud of foes,
Ready to burst in stormes about your eares:
Three squadrons rusht against you, and the first,
You tooke so fierceiy, that, you beate their thoughts
Out of their bosoms, from the vrged fight:
The second all amazed you ouerthrew,
The third disperst, with fise and twenty horse
Left all the fourescore that persude the chase:
And his braue conquest, now your Marshall seconds
Against two squadrons, but with fifty horse,
One after other he defeats them both,
And made them run like men, whose heeles were tript;
And pitch their heads, in their great generalls lap:
And him he sets on, as he had beene shot
Out of a Cannon: beares him into route,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And as a little brooke being ouer-runne
 With a blacke torrent; that beares all things downe,
 His fury ouer-takes his fomy backe,
 Loaded with Cattle, and with stacks of Corne,
 And makes the miserable Plow-man mourne;
 So was *du Maine* surcharg'd, and so *Byron*
 Flow'd ouer all his forces; euery drop
 Of his lost blood, bought with a worthy man;
 And onely with a hundred Gentlemen
 He wonne the place, from fiftene hundred horse.

Hen. He won the place?

Sau. Oo my word, so tis sayd.

Hen. Fie you haue been extreamly mis-inform'd.

Sau. I onely tell your highnesse what I heard,
 I was not there; and though I haue beene rude,
 With wonder of his vallon, and presum'd,
 To keepe his merit in his full carire,
 Not hearing you, when yours made such a thunder;
 Pardon my fault, since twas t'e extoll your seruant;
 But is it not most true, that twixt yee both,
 So few achieu'd, the conquest of so many?

Hen. It is a truth, must make me euer thankfull,
 But not perform'd by him, was not I there?
 Commaunded him, and in the maine assault,
 Made him but second?

Sau. He's the capitall souldier,
 That liues this day in holy Christendome,
 Except your highnesse, alwayes except *Plato*.

Hen. We must not giue to one, to take from many,
 For (not to praise our country-men) here seru'd,
 The Generall *My Lord Norris*, sent from *England*:
 As great a Captaine as the World affords:
 One fit to leade, and fight for Christendome;
 Of more experience; and of stronger braine;
 As valiant for abiding; in Commaund,
 On any suddaine; vpon any ground
 And in the forme of all occasions
 As ready, and as profitably, dauntlesse;

And

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And heare was then another; Collonell *Williams*,
 A worrhy Captaine; and more like the Duke,
 Because he was lesse temperate then the Generall;
 And being familiiar with the man you prayse,
 (Because he knew him haughty and incapable,
 Of all comparifon) would compare with him,
 And hold his swelling valour to the marke,
 Iustice had set in him, and not his will:
 And as in open vessells fil'd with water,
 And on mens shoulders borne, they put treene cups,
 To keepe the wild and slippery element,
 From washing ouer: follow all his Swayes
 And tickle aptnesse to exceed his bounds,
 And at the brym containe him: so this Knight,
 Swomme in *Byron*, and held him, but to right.
 But leaue these hot comparifons, he's mine owne,
 And then what I possesse, Ile more be knowne.

Sau. All this shall to the Duke, I fight for this. *Exeunt.*

FINIS. Actus Secundi.

ACTVS 3. SCÆNA I.

Enter Laffin: Byron following vnscene.

Laf. A fained passion in his hearing now,
 (Which he thinks I perceiue not) making conscience,
 Of the reuolt that he hath vrdg'd to me,
 (Which now he meanes to prosecute) would sound,
 How deepe he stands affected with that scruple.
 As when the Moone hath comforted the Night,
 And set the world in siluer of her light,
 The Planets, Asterifims, and whole state of Heauen,
 In beames of gold descending: all the windes,
 Bound vp in caues, chargd not to driue abroade,
 Their cloudy heads; an vniuerfall peace,
 Proclaind in silence of the quiet earth.
 Soone as her hot and dry fumes are let loose,
 Stormes and clouds mixing, sodainely put out.

The:

BTRONS CONSPIRACIE.

The eyes of all those glories : The creation,
Turn'd into *Chaos*, and we then desire,
For all our ioy of life, the death of sleepe ;
So when the glories of our liues, mens loues,
Cleare consciences, our fames, and loyalties,
That did vs worthy comfort, are eclips'd,
Griefe and disgrace invade vs ; and for all,
Our night of life besides, our Misery craues,
Darke earth would ope and hide vs in our graues.

Byr. How strange is this ?

Laf. What? did your highnesse heare?

Byr. Both heard & wondred, that your wit & spirit,
And profit in experience, of the slauieries,
Impos'd on vs ; in those meere politike termes,
Of loue, fame, loyalty, can be carried vp,
To such a height of ignorant conscience ;
Of cowardise, and dissolution,
In all the free-borne powers of royall man.
You that haue made way through all the guards,
Of Iealous State ; and scene on both your sides,
The pikes poynt charging heauen to let you passe,
Will you, (in flying with a scrupulous wing,
Aboue those pikes to heauen-ward) fall on them ?
This is like men, that (spirited with wine,)
Passe dangerous places safe ; and dye for feare,
With onely thought on them, being simply sober ;
We must (in passing to our wished ends,
Through things cal'd good and bad) bee like the ayre,
That euenly interpos'd betwixt the seas,
And the opposed Element of fire ;
As eyther toucheth, but parrakes with neyther ;
Is neyther hot nor cold, but with a flight,
And harmelesse temper mixt of both th'exstreames.

Laf. Tis shrode.

Byr. There is no truth of any good
To be discern'd on earth ; and by conuersion,
Nought therefore simply bad ; but as the stuffe,
Prepar'd for *Arras* pictures, is no Picture,

Till it be form'd, and man hath cast the beames,
Of his imaginous fancie through it,
In forming ancient Kings and conquerors,
As he conceiues they look't, and were attirde,
Though they were no thing so: so all things here,
Haue al their price set downe, from mens concepts
Which make all terms and actions, good, or bad,
And are but pliant, and well-coloured threads,
Put into fained images of truth:
To which, to yeeld, and kneele, as truth pure kings,
That puld vs downe with cleere truth of their Gospell,
Were Superstition to be hift to hell.

Laffi. Beleue it this is reason.

Byr. 'Tis the faith,
Of reason and of wisdom.

Laffi. You perswade,
As if you would create: what man can shunne,
The serches, and compressions of your graces.

Byr. We must haue these lures when we hawke for friends,
And winde about them like a subtile Riuer,
That (seeming onely to runne on his course)
Doth serch yet, as he runnes; and still finds out,
The easiest parts of entery on the shore;
Gliding so slily by, as scarce it toucht,
Yet still eates some thing in it: so must those,
That haue large fields, and currants to dispose.
Come let vs ioyne our forces, we must run far
And haue but little time: The Duke of Sauoy,
Is shortly to be gone, and I must needs,
Make you well knowne to him.

Laffi. But hath your highnesse,
Some enterprize of value ioynd with him?

Byr. With him and greater persons.

Laffi. I will creepe,
Vpon my bosome in your Princely seruice,
Vouchsafe to make me known. I heare there liues not,
So kind, so bountifull, and wise a Prince,
But in your owne excepted excellence.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Byr. He shall both know, and loue you: are you mine:

Laf. I take the honor of it, on my knee,
And hope to quit it with your Maiefty. *Exit.*

Enter Sauoy, Roncas, Rochet Breton.

Sau. *La Fin*, is in the right; and will obtaine;
He draweth with his weight, and like a plummet
That swaies a doore, with falling off, puls after.

Ron. Thus wil *Laffin* be brought a stranger to you:
By him he leads; he conquers that is conquered,
Thats sought, as hard to win, that sues to be won.

Sau. But is my Painter warnd to take his picture,
When he shall se me, and present *Laffin*?

Roch. He is (my Lord) and as (your highnes wild)
All we will presse about him, and admire,
The royall promise of his rare aspect,
As if he heard not.

Sau. I will enflame him,
Such tricks the Arch-duke vsd t' extol his greatnes;
Which complements though plain men hold absurd,
And a meere remedy for desire of Greatnesse.
Yet great men vse them; as their state Potatoes,
High Coolifes, and potions to excite
The lust of their ambition: and this Duke;
You know is noted in his natural garb
Extreamely glorious; who will therefore bring
An appetite expecting such a baice;
He comes, go instantly, and fetch the Painter.

Enter Byron. La Fin.

Bir. All honor to your highnesse,

Sau. Tis most true.

Al honors flow to me, in you their Ocean;
As welcome worthyest Duke, as if my marquiseate
Were circl'd with you in these amorous armes.

Bir. I sorrow Sir I could not bring it with me.

That

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

That I might so supply the fruitelesse complement,
Of onely visiting your excellence,
With which the king now sends me t'entertaine you;
Which notwithstanding doth confer this good,
That it hath giuen me some small time to thew,
My gratitude for the many secret bounties,
I haue (by this your Lord Ambassador)
Felt from your heighnesse; and in short, t'assure you,
That all my most deserts are at your seruice.

San. Had the king sent me by you halfe his kingdome,
It were not halfe so welcom.

Byr. For defect,
Of whatsoeuer in my selfe (my Lord)
I here commend to your most Princely seruice
This honor'd friend of mine.

San. Your name I pray you Sir.

Laf. *Lassin* my Lord.

San. *Lassin*? Is this the man,
That you so recommended to my loue?

Ron. The same my Lord.

San. Y^e are next my Lord the Duke,
The most desired of all men. O my Lord,
The king and I haue had a mighty conflict,
About your conflicts, and your matchles worth
In military vertues; which I put
In Ballance with the continent of *France*,
In all the peace and safety it inioyes.
And made euen weigh with al he could put in
Of all mens else; and of his owne deserts.

Byr. Of all mens else; would he weigh other mens,
With my deseruings?

San. I vpon my life,
The English Generall, the Mylor *Norris*,
That seru'd amongst you here, he parralleld
With you at all parts, and in some preferd him,
And Collonell *Williams* (a Welch Collonel)
He made a man, that at your most containd you
Which the welch Herraids of their praise, the Cucko.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Would scarce haue put, in his monology,
In iest, and said with reuerence to his merites,

Byr. With reuerence? Reuerence scornes him: by the spoyle,
Of all her Merites in me, he shall rue it;
Did euer *Curtian* Gulffe play such a part?
Had *Curtius* beene so vsed, if he had brook't,
That rauenuous whirlepoole, pourd his solide spirits,
Through earth dissolued sinewes, stopt her veines.
And rose with saued Rome, vpon his backe,
As I swum pooles of fire, and Gulfs of brasse,
To saue my Country: thrust this venturous arme,
Beneath her ruines; tooke her on my necke,
And set her safe on her appeased shore?
And opes the king, a fouler bog then this,
In his so rotten bosome, to deuoure
Him that deuourd, what else had swallowed him
In a detraction, so with spight embrewed,
And drowne such good in such ingratitude?
My spirit as yet, but stooping to his rest,
Shines hotly in him, as the Sunne in cloudes,
Purpled, and made proud with a peacefull Euen:
But when I throughly set to him, his cheeks,
Will (like those cloudes) forgoe their colour quite:
And his whole blaze, smokt into endlesse night.

Sau. Nay, nay, we must haue no such gall my Lord:
O'reflow our friendly liuers: my relation,
Onely deliuers my enflamed zeale
To your religious merites, which me thinkes,
Should make your highnesse canonizd a Saint.

Byr. What had his armes bene, without my arme,
That with his motion, made the whole field moue?
And this held vp, we still had victory.
When ouer charg'd with number, his few friends
Retir'd amazed, I set them on assurd,
And what rude ruine seas'd on I confirmed;
When I left leading, all his army reeld,
One fell on other foule, and as the *Cyclop*
That hauing lost his eye, stroke euery way,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

His blowes directed to no certaine scope ;
 Or as the soule departed from the body,
 The body wants coherence in his parts,
 Cannot consist, but seuer, and dissolue ;
 So I remou'd once, all his armies shooke,
 Panted and fainted, and were euer flying,
 Like wandring pulses sperst through bodies dying.

San. It cannot be denied, tis all so true,
 That what seemes arrogance, is desert in you.

Byr. What monstrous humors feed a Princes blood,
 Being bad to good men, and to bad men good ?

San. Well let these contradictions passe (my Lord)
 Till they be reconcil'd, or put in forme,
 By power giuen to your will, and you present,
 The fashion of a perfect gouernment ;
 In meane space but a word, we haue small time,
 To spend in priuate, which I wish may be
 With all aduantage taken ; Lord *Lassin*.

Ron. Ist not a face of excellent presentment,
 Though not so amorous with pure white and red,
 Yet is the whole proportion singular.

Roch. That euer I beheld.

Bret. It hath good lines.

And tracts drawne through it : the purple, rare.

Ron. I heard the famous and right learned *Earla*,
 And Arch-bishop of *Lyons*, *Pierce Pinac*,
 Who was reported to haue wondrous Iudgement
 In mens euents and natures, by their looks :
 (Vpon his death bed, visited by this Duke)
 He told his sister, when his grace was gon,
 That he had neuer yet obseru'd a face,
 Of worse presage then this ; and I will sweare,
 That (something seene in Phisygnomy)
 I doe not finde in all the rules it giues
 One slenderest blemish tending to mishap,
 But (on the opposite part) as we may see,
 On trees late blossom'd, when all frosts are past,
 How they are taken, and what will be fruite :

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

So on this tree of Scepters, I discern
How it is loaden with apparances,
Rules answering rules; and glances, crown'd with glances.

He snatches away the picture.

Byr. What, does he take my picture?

Sau. I my Lord.

Byr. Your highnes will excuse me; I will giue you
My likenesse put in Statue, not in picture;
And by a Statuary of mine owne,
That can in brasse expresse the wit of man,
And in his forme, make all men see his vertues:
Others that with much strictnesse immitate,
The some-thing stooping carriage of my necke:
The voluble and milde radiance of mine eyes,
Neuer obserue my Masculine aspect,
And Lyon-like instinct, it shadoweth:
Which Enuy cannot say is flattery:
And I will haue my Image promist you,
Cut in such matter, as shall euer last;
Where it shall stand, fixt with eternall rootes,
And with a most vnmoued grauity;
For I will haue the famous mountayne *Oros*,
That looks out of the Dutchy where I gouerne,
(Into your highnesse Dukedome) first made yours,
And then with such inimitable arte
Exprest and handled; chiefly from the place
Where most conspicuously, he shewes his face;
That though it keepe the true forme of that hill
In all his longitudes and latitudes,
His height, his distances and full proportion,
Yet shall it clearly beare my counterfaite,
Both in my face and all my lineaments:
And euery man shall say, this is *Byron*.
Within my left hand, I will hold a City,
Which is the City *Amiens*; at whose fiedge
I seru'd so memorably: from my right,
He power an endlesse flood, into a Sea
Raging beneath me, which shall intimate

My

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

My ceaselesse seruice, drunke vp by the King
 As th'Ocean drinks vp riuers, and makes all
 Beare his proude title ; *Iuory, Brasse and Gold,*
 That theeues may purchase ; and be bought and sold,
 Shall not be vs'd about me, lasting worth
 Shall onely set the Duke of *Byron* forth.

San. Oh that your statuary could expresse you,
 With any neereresse to your owne instructions;
 That statue would I prize past all the iewells
 Within my cabinet of *Beatrice*,
 The memory of my Grandame Portugall ;
 Most royall Duke : we cannot long endure
 To be thus priuate, let vs then conclude,
 With this great resolution : that your wisdomes,
 Will not forget to cast a pleasing vayle
 Ouer your anger ; that may hide each glance,
 Of any notice taken of your wrong,
 And shew your selfe the more obsequious.
 Tis but the vertue of a little patience,
 There are so oft attempts made gainst his person;
 That sometimes they may speede, for they are plants
 That spring the more for cutting, and at last
 Will cast their wished shadow ; marke ere long :

Enter Nemours Soisson.

See who comes here my Lord, as now no more,
 Now must we turne our streame another way ;
 My Lord, I humbly thanke his maiesty,
 That he would grace my idle time spent here
 With entertainment of your princely person;
 Which, worthily he keepes for his owne bosome,
 My Lord, the Duke *Nemours*? and Count *Soisson*?
 Your honours haue beene bountiffully done me
 In often visitation : Let me pray you,
 To see some iewells now, and helpe my choyce,
 In making vp a present for the King.

Nem. Your highnesse shall much grace vs.

San. I am doubtfull
 That I haue much incens'd the Duke *Byron*,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

With praying the Kings worthinesse in armes
So much past all men.

Sois. He deserues it highly. *Exit. manet Byron, Laffin.*

Byr. What wrongs are these, layd on me by the King,
To equall others worths in warre, with mine ;
Eadure this, and be turn'd into his Moyle
To beare his sumpteres : honor'd friend be true,
And we will turne these torrents, hence. *En. the King. Ex. Laf.*

Enter Henry, Espe. Vitry, Ianis.

Hen. Why suffer you that ill aboding vermine,
To breede so neere your bosome ? be assur'd,
His haunts are omenous, not the throats of Rauens,
Spent on infected houses, howles of dogs,
When no sound stirres, at mid-night ; apparitions,
And strokes of spirits, clad in black-mens shapes :
Or vgly womens : the aduerse decrees
Of constellations, nor security,
In vicious peace, are surer fatall vsers
Of semall mischiefes, and mortallities,
Then this prodigious feend is, where he fawnes :
Lafin, and not *Laffin*, he should be cald.

Byr. Be what he will, men in themselues entyre,
March safe with naked feete, on coales of fire :
I build not out-ward, nor depend on proppes,
Nor chuse my consort by the common'eare :
Nor by the Moone-shine, in the grace of Kings :
So rare are true deseruers, lou'd or knowne,
That men lou'd vulgarly, are euer none :
Nor men grac't seruilely, for being spots
In Princes traines, though borne euen with their Crownes ;
The Stalion power, hath such a beesome rayle,
That it sweepes all from iustice, and such filth
He beares out in it, that men meere exempt,
Are meereley clearest ; men will shortly buy
Friends from the prison, or the pillory,
Rather then honors markets. I feare none,

But

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

But foule Ingratitude, and Detraction,
In all the brood of villanie.

Hen. No? not treason?

Be circumspect, for to a credulous eye,
He comes inuisible, vail'd with flatterie,
And flatterers looke like freinds, as wolues like dogges
And as a glorious Poeme fronted well
With many a goodly Herral d of his praise,
So farre from hate of praises to his face
That he praies men to praise him, and they ride
Before, with trumpets in their mouths, proclaiming
Life to the holy furie of his lines:

All drawne, as if with one eye he had leerd,

On his lou'd hand; and let it by a rule:

That his plumes onely Imp the Muses wings,
He sleepes with them, his head is napt with bayes,

His lips breake out with *Nectar*, his tunde secte

Are of the great last, the perpetuall motion,

And he putt with their empty breath beleuees

Full merit, eas'd, those passions of winde,

Which yet serue, but to praise, and cannot merit,

And so his fury in their ayre expires:

So *de Laffin*, and such corrupted Heralds,

Hirde to encourage, and to glorifie

May force what breath they will into their cheekes

Fitter to blow vp bladders then full men:

Yet may pusse men to, with perswasions

That they are Gods in worth; and may rise Kings

With treading on their noses; yet the worthiest,

From onely his owne worth receiues his spirit

And right is worthy bound to any merit;

Which right, shall you haue euer, leaue him then,

He followes none but markt, and wretched men;

And now for England you shall go my Lord,

Our Lord Ambassadour to that matchlesse Queene

You neuer had a voyage of such pleasure.

Honor, and worthy obiects: Ther's a Queene

Where nature keepes her state, and state her Court,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Wisdom her study, *Conti* her fort,
Where *Magnanimity*, *Humanity* :
Firmnesse in counsaile and integrity ;
Grace to her poorest subiects : Maiesty
To awe the greatest, haue respects diuine,
And in her each part, all the vertues shine. *Exit Hen. & Sam.*

Byr. Inioy your will a while, I may haue mine. *manet Byron.*
Wherefore (before I part to this ambassage)
Ile be resolued by a Magician
That dwells hereby, to whom ile go disguise,
And shew him my births figure, set before
By one of his profession: of the which
Ile craue his iudgment, saying I am sent
From some great personage, whose natiuity,
He wisheth should be censured by his skill.
But on go my plots, be it good or ill. *Exit.*

Enter Labrosse.

This houre by all rules of Astrology,
Is dangerous to my person if not deadly.
How haples is our knowledge to fore-tel
And not be able to preuent a mischief;
O the strange difference twixt vs and the stars:
They worke with inclinations strong and fatal
And nothing know; and we know al their working,
And naught can do, or nothing can preuent?
Rude ignorance is beastly, knowledg wretc hed:
The heauenly powers enuy what they *Enioyne*:
We are commanded t'imitate their natures,
In making all our ends eternity:
And in that intimation we are plagued,
And worse then they esteemd, that haue no soules;
But in their nostrils, and like beasts expire;
As they do that are ignorant of arts,
By drowning their eternall parts in sence,
And sensuall affectations: while we liue
Our good parts take away, the more they giue.

Byron

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Byron solus disguised like a Carrier of letters.

Byr. The sorts that fauourets hold in Princes hearts
In common subjects loues; and their owne strengths
Are not so sure, and vnexpugnable,
But that the more they are presum'd vpon,
The more they faile; dayly and hourly prooffe,
Tels vs prosperity is at highest degree
The fount and handle of calamity:
Like dust before a whirle-wind those men fly,
That prostrate on the grounds of fortune lie:
And being great (like trees that broadest sproote)
Their owne top-heavy state grubs vp their roote.
These apprehensions startle all my powers,
And arme them with suspicion gainst themselves,
In my late proiects; I haue cast my selfe
Into the armes of others; and will see
If they will let me fall; or toss me vp
Into th'affected compasse of a throne.
God saue you fit.

Labross. Y^e are welcom friend; what would you?

Byr. I would entreat you, for some crownes I bring,
To giue your iudgment of this figure cast,
To know by his natiuity there scene;
What sort of end the person shall endure,
Who sent me to you, and whose birth it is.

Labross. Ile herein do my best, in your desire;
The man is rais'd out of a good descent,
And nothing older then your selfe I thinke;
Is it not you?

Byr. I will not tell you that:
But tell me on what end he shall arriue.

Labross. My sonne, I see, that he whose end is cast
In this set figure, is of noble parts,
And by his military valor rais'de,
To Princely honors, and may be a king,
But that I see a *Caput Algol* here,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

That hinders it I feare.

Byr. A Caput *Algol?*

What's that I pray?

Labross. Forbeare to aske me, sonne;
You bid me speake, what feare bids me conceale.

Byr. You haue no cause to feare, and therefore speake

Labross. Youle rather wish you had bin ignorant,
Then be instructed in a thing so ill.

Byr. Ignorance is an idle salue for ill,
And therefore do not vrge me to enforce,
What I would freely know; for by the skill
Showne in thy aged hayres, ile lay thy braine
Heere scattered at my feete, and seeke in that,
What safely thou must vtter with thy tongue,
If thou deny it.

Labross. Will you not alow me
To hold my peace? what lesse can I desire?
If not, be pleas'd with my constrained speech.

Byr. Was euer man yet punish't for expressing
VVhat he was charg'd? be free and speake the worst.

Labross. Then briefly this; the man hath lately done
An action that will make him loose his head.

Byr. Curst be thy throat and soule, Rauens, Sciech-oule, Hagges

Labross. O hold, for heauens sake hold.

Byr. Hold on, I will,
Vault, and contraciour of all horred sounds,
Trumpet of all the miseries in hell.

Of my confusions; of the shamefull end
Of all my seruices; wich, fiend, accurst
For euer be the poyson of thy tongue,
And let the blacke fume of thy venomd breath,
Infect the ayre, shrinke heauen, put out the starres,
And raine so fell, and blew a plague on earth,
That all the world may falter with my fall.

Labross. Pitty my age my Lord.

Byr. Out prodigie,
Remedy of pittie, mine of flint,
VVhence with my nayles and feete, ile digge enough,

Horror

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Horror and savage cruelty, to build
Temples to Massacre : dam of diuels take thee,
Hadst thou no better end to crowne my parts.
The Bulls of *Colchos*, nor his triple necke,
That howles out earthquakes: the most mortal vapors
That euer stifled and strooke dead the fowles,
That flew at neuer such a sightly pitch,
Could not haue burnt my blood so.

Labros. I told truth,
And could haue flatter'd you.

Byr. Oh that thou hadst;
Would I had giuen thee twenty thousand crownes
That thou hadst flatter'd me : there's no ioy on earth,
Neuer so rationall, so pure and holy,
But is a Iester, Parasite, a Whore,
In the most worthy parts, with which they please,
A drunkenesse of soule, and a disease.

Labros. I knew you not.

Byr. Peace, dog of *Pluto*, peace,
Thou knewst my end to come, not me here present :
Pox of your halting humane knowledges;
Oh death ! how farre off hast thou kild ? how soone
A man may know too much, though neuer nothing ?
Spite of the Starres, and all Astrology,
I will not loose my head : or if I do,
A hundred thousand heads shall off before.
I am a nobler substance then the Starres,
And shall the baser ouer-rule the better ?
Or are they better, since they are the bigger ?
I haue a will and faculties of choyse,
To do, or not to do ; and reason why,
I do or not do this : the starres haue none,
They know not why they shine, more then this taper,
Nor how they worke, nor what; ile change my course,
Ile peece-meale pull, the frame of all my thoughts,
And cast my will into another mould :
And where are all your *Caput Algols* then ?
Your Planets all, being vnderneath the earth,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

At my natiuity : what can they doe ?
 Malignant in aspects ? in bloody houses ?
 Wild fire consume them ; one poore cup of wine,
 More then I vse, that my weake braine will beare,
 Shall make them drunk and reele out of their spheres,
 For any certaine act they can enforce.
 Oh that mine armes were wings, that I might flye,
 And plucke out of their hearts, my destiny !
 Ile weare those golden Spurres vpon my heeles,
 And kick at fate ; be free all worthy spirits,
 And stretch your selues for greatnesse and for height :
 Vntrusse your slaueries, you haue height enough,
 Beneath this steepe heauen to vse all your reaches,
 'Tis too farre off, to let you, or respect you.
 Giue me a spirit that on this lifes rough sea,
 Loues t'haue his sayles filld with a lusty winde,
 Euen till his sayle-yards tremble ; his Masts cracke,
 And his rapt ship runne on her side so low,
 That she drinke water, and her keele plowes ayre ;
 There is no danger to a man, that knowes
 What life and death is : there's not any law
 Exceeds his knowledge ; neither is it lawfull
 That he should stoope to any other law.
 He goes before them, and commands them all,
 That to him-selfe is a Law rationall.

Exit.

ACTVS 4. SCÆNA 1.

Enter D' Aumont, with Crequi.

D' Au. The Duke of *Byron* is return'd from *England*
 And (as they say) was Princely entertain'd,
 School'd by the matchlesse *Queene* there, who I heare
 Spake most diuinely ; and would gladly heare,
 Her speech reported.

Cre. I can serue your turne,
 As one that speakes from others, not from her,
 And thus it is reported at his parting :

THVS

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

THVS *Monsieur Du Byron* you haue beheld,
 Our Court proportion'd to our little Kingdome,
 Ineuery entertainment; yet our minde,
 To do you all the rites of your repaire,
 Is as vnbounded as the ample ayre.
 What idle paines haue you bestow'd to see
 A poore old woman? who in nothing liues
 More, then in true affections, borne your King;
 And in the perfect knowledge she hath learn'd,
 Of his good Knights, and seruants of your sort.
 We thanke him that he keepes the memory
 Of vs and all our kindnesse; but must say,
 That it is onely kept; and not layd out
 To such affectionate profit as we wish;
 Being so much set on fire with his deserts,
 That they consume vs; not to be restor'd
 By your presentment of him; but his person:
 And we had thought, that he whose vertues flye
 So beyond wonder, and the reach of thought,
 Should check at eight houres saile, and his high spirit
 That stoopes to feare, lesse then the poles of heauen;
 Should doubt an vnder billow of the Sea,
 And (being a Sea) be sparing of his streames:
 And I must blame all you that may aduise him:
 That (hauing helpt him through all martiall dangers)
 You let him sticke, at the kind rites of peace,
 Considering all the forces I haue sent,
 To set his martiall seas vp in firme walls,
 On both his sides for him to passe at pleasure;
 Did plainly open him a guarded way
 And let in Nature to this friendly shore,
 But here is nothing worth his personall sight,
 Here are no walled Cities; for that Christall
 Sheds with his light, his hardnesse, and his light;
 About our thankfull person, and our Realme;
 Whose onely ayde, we euer yet desir'd;
 And now I see, the helpe we sent to him,
 Which should haue swom to him in our owne blood,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Had it beene needfull; (our affections
 Being more giuen to his good, then he himselfe)
 Ends in the actuall right it did his state,
 And ours is slighted; all our worth is made,
 The common-stocke, and banke; from whence are seru'd
 All mens occasions; yet (thanks to heauen)
 Their gratitudes are drawne dry; not our bounties.
 And you shall tell your King, that he neglects
 Old friends for new; and sets his soothed ease
 Aboue his honor; Marshals policy
 In ranke before his Iustice; and his profit
 Before his royalty: his humanity gone,
 To make me no repayment of mine owne.

D'Aun. What answered the Duke?

Cr. In this sort,

Your highnesse sweet speech hath no sharper end,
 Then he would with his life; if he neglected,
 The least grace you haue nam'd; but to his wish,
 Much power is wanting: the greene rootes of warre,
 Not yet so close cut vp, but he may dash
 Against their reliques to his ytter ruine,
 Without more neere eyes, fixt vpon his feete,
 Then those that looke out of his Countries soyle,
 And this may well excuse his personall presenee,
 Which yet he oft hath long'd to set by yours:
 That he might immitate the Maiesty,
 Which so long peace hath practis'd and made full,
 In your admir'd apparence; to illustrate
 And rectifie his habit in rude warre.
 And his will to be here, must needs be great,
 Since heauen hath thron'd so true a royalty here,
 That he thinkes no King absolutely crown'd,
 Whose temples haue not stood beneath this skie,
 And whose height is not hardned with these starres,
 Whose influences for this altitude,
 Distild and wrought in with this temperate ayre,
 And this diuision of the Element
 Haue with your raigne, brought forth more worthy spirits,

For

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE:

For counsaile, valor, hight of wit, and art,
 Then any other region of the earth:
 Or were brought forth to all your ancestors,
 And as a cunning Orator, reserves
 His fairest smiles, best-adorning figures,
 Chiefest matter, and most mooving arguments
 For his conclusion; and doth then supply
 His ground-streames laid before, glides ouer them,
 Makes his full depth scene through; and so takes vp,
 His audience in applauses past the clouds.
 So in your government, concludiue nature,
 (Willing to end her Excellence in earth
 When your foot shall be set vpon the starres)
 Shewes all her Soueraigne Beauties, Ornaments,
 Vertues, and Raptures; ouertakes her workes
 Informer Empires, makes them but your foyles,
 Swels to her full Sea, and againe doth drowne
 The world, in admiration of your crowne.

D' Au. He did her (at all parts) confessed right.

Cres. She tooke it yet but as a part of Court-ship,
 And said he was the subtile Orator,
 To whom he did too gloriously resemble,
 Nature in her, and in her government,
 He said, he was no Orator but a Souldier,
 More then this ayre, in which you breath hath made me,
 My studious loue, of your rare gouernment,
 And simple truth, which is most eloquent,
 Your Empire is so amply absolute,
 That euen your theaters show more comely rule,
 True noblenesse, royally, and happinesse
 Then other courts: you make all state before
 Vtterly obsolete: all to come, twice sod.
 And therefore doth my royall Soueraigne wish
 Your yeares in my prouice, as vital, as your vertues,
 That (standing on his turrets this way turn'd,
 Ordering and fixing his affaires by yours)
 He may at last, on firme grounds, passe your Seas,
 And see that maiden-sea of Maiesty,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE:

In whose chaste armes so many kingdomes lye.

D, Au. When came she to her touch of his ambition?

Cre. In this speech following, which I thus remember.
 If I hold any merit worth his presence,
 Or any part of that, your Courtship giues me,
 My subiects haue bestowd it; some in counsaile,
 In action some, and in obedience all ;
 For none knowes, with such prooffe as you my Lord
 How much a subiect may renowme his Prince,
 And how much Princes of their subiects hold;
 In all the seruices that euer subiect
 Did for his Soueraigne; he that best deseru'd
 Must (in comparifon) except *Byron*;
 And to win this prize cleere; without the maimes
 Commonly giuen men by ambition,
 When all their parts lye open to his view,
 Shews continence, past their other excellence:
 But for a subiect to affect a kingdome,
 Is like the Cammell that of *Ioue* begd hornes;
 And such mad-hungry men, as well may eate,
 Hote coles of fire, to feede their naturall heate:
 For, to aspire to competence with your king
 What subiect is so grosse, and Giantly?
 He hauing now a *Dolphin* borne to him,
 Whose birth, ten dayes before, was dreadfully
 Vsherd with Earth-quakes, in most part of *Europ*,
 And that giues all men, cause enough to feare
 All thought of competition with him.
 Commend vs good my Lord, and tell our Brother
 How much we ioy, in that his royall issue,
 And in what prayers, we raise our heart to heauen;
 That in more terror to his foes, and wonder
 He may drinke earthquakes, and deuoure the thunder.
 So we admire your valor and your vertues,
 And euer will contend; to winne their honour.
 Then spake she to *Cerquie*, and Prince *D' Auergne*;
 And gaue all gracious farwels; when *Byron*
 Was thus encountered by a Counsellor

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Of great and eminent name, and matchlesse merit:
 I thinke (my Lord) your pricely *Dolphin* beares
Arion on his Cradle, through your kingdom,
 In the sweete Musique ioy it strikes from his birth.
 He answered; and good right: the cause commands it.
 But (said the other) had we a fift *Henry*,
 To proclaime his old right: and one man to friend,
 Whom you well know my Lord, that for his frindship
 Were promist the Vice-royalty of *France*,
 We would not doubt of conquest, in despight
 Of all those windy Earth-quakes. He replied;
 Treason was neuer guide to English conquests,
 And therefore that doubt shal not fright our *Dolphin*;
 Nor would I be the friend to such a foe,
 For all the royalties in Christendome.
 Fix there your foote (said he) I onely giue
 False fire, and would be loth to shoote you off:
 He that winnes Empire with the losse of faith,
 Out-buies it; and will banck-route; you haue layd
 A braue foundation, by the hand of vertue:
 Put not the roote to fortune: foolish statuaryes,
 That vnder litle Saints suppose, great bases
 Make lesse, to fence, the Saints; and so where fortune,
 Aduanceth vile mindes, to states great and noble,
 She much the more exposeth them to shame,
 Not able to make good, and fill their bases,
 With a conformed itrudure; I haue found,
 (Thankes to the bleffer of my search) that counsailes,
 Held to the lyne of Iustice; till produce,
 The surest states, and greatest, being sure,
 Without which fit assurance, in the greatest,
 As you may see a mighty promontory
 More digd and vnder-caten, then may warrant,
 A safe supportance, to his hanging browes,
 All passengers auoyd him, shunne all ground
 That lyes within his shadow, and beare still
 A flying eye vpon him, so great men
 Corrupted in their grounds and building out,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Too swelling fronts, for their foundations;
 When most they should be propt, are most forsaken
 And men will rather thrust into the stormes
 Of better grounded States, then take a shelter
 Beneath their ruinous, and fearefull weight:
 Yet they, so ouersee, their faultie bases,
 That they remaine securer in conceipt:
 And that security, doth worse presage
 Their neere destructions, then their eaten grounds;
 And therefore heauen it selfe is made to vs
 A perfect Hieroglyphick to expresse,
 The idlenesse of such security,
 And the graue labour, of a wise distrust
 In both sorts of the al-enclinyng starres;
 Where all men note this difference in their shining
 As plaine as they distinguish either hand;
 The sixt starres wauer, and the erring stand.

D' Au. How tooke he this so worthy admonition?

Cre. Grauely applied (said he) and like the man,
 Whom all the world saies, ouer-rule the starres;
 Which are diuine bookes to vs, and are read
 By vnderstanders onely, the true obiects,
 And cheife companions of the truest men;
 And (though I neede not) I thanke your counsaile,
 That neuer yet was idle, but sphere-like,
 Still mooues about, and is the continent
 To this blest Ile.

ACT. 5. SCEN. I.

Enter Byron, D' Auergne, Laffin.

Byr. The Circle of this ambassie is closde,
 For which I long haue long'd, for mine owne ends;
 To see my faithfull, and leaue courtly friends,
 To whom I came (me thought) with such a spirit,
 As you haue seene, a lusty courser shew,
 That hath bin long time at his manger tied:
 High fed, alone, and when (his head shall broken)

He

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

He runnes his prison, like a trumpet neighs,
Cuts ayre, in high curuets and shakes his head;
(With wanton stopings twixt his fore-legs) mocking
The heauy center, spreads his flying crest,
Like to an Ensigne, hedge, and ditches leaping,
Till in the fresh meat, at his naturall foode
He sees free fellowes, and hath met them free.
And now (good friend) I would be faine inform'd,
What our right Princely Lord, the Duke of *Sanoy*
Hath thought on, to employ my comming home.

Laf. To try the Kings trust in you, and withall,
How hot he trailes on our conspiracy:
He first would haue you, beg the gouernment,
Of the important Citadell of Bourg:
Or to place in it, any you shall name:
Which wilbe wondrous fit, to march before,
His other purposes; and is a fort
He rates in loue, aboue his patrimony;
To make which fortresse worthy of your suite:
He vowes (if you obtayne it) to bestow
His third faire daughter, on your excellence,
And hopes the King will not deny it you.

Byr. Deny it me? deny me such a suite?
Who will he grant, if he deny it me.

Laf. He'll find some polititique shift to do't, I feare.

Byr. What shift? or what euasion can he find,
What one patch is there in all policies shop,
(That botcher vp of Kingdomes) that can mend
The bracke betwixt vs, any way denying.

D' Aum. That's at your perill.

Byr. Come, he dares not do't.

D' Aum. Dares not? presume not so; you know (good duke)
That all things he thinkes fit to do, he dares.

Byr. By heauen I wonder at you, I will aske it,
As sternely and secure of all repulse
As th'ancient Persians did when they implor'd,
Their idoll fire to grant them any boone;
With which they would descend into a flood,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

And threaten there to quench it, if they fail'd,
Of that they ask't it :

Laf. Sayd like your Kings King ;
Cold hath no act in depth, nor are suites wrought
(Of any high price) that are coldly sought :
He hath, and with your corage, comfort *Sauoy. Ex. La.*

D' Au. I am your friend (my Lord) and will deserue
That name, with following any course you take ;
Yet (for your owne sake) I could wish your spirit
Would let you spare all broade termes of the King,
Or, on my life you will at last repent it.

Byr. What can he do ?

D' Au. All that you cannot feare.

Byr. You feare too much, be by, when next I see him,
And see how I will vrge him in this suite,
He comes, marke you, that thinke
He will not grant it.

Enter Henry, Espe. Soiff. Ianis.

I am become a suiter to your highnesse.

Hen. For what, my Lord, tis like you shall obtaine.

Byr. I do not much doubt that ; my seruices,
I hope haue more strength in your good conceit
Then to receiue repulse, in such requests.

Hen. What is it ?

Byr. That you would bestow on one whom I shall name,
The keeping of the Citadell of Bourg.

Hen. Excuse me sir, I must not grant you that.

Byr. Not grant me that ?

Hen. It is not fit I should ;

You are my gouernor in Burgundy,
And Prouince gouernors, that command in chiefe,
Ought not to haue the charge of Fortresses ;
Besides it is the chiefe key of my kingdome,
That opens towards Italy, and must therefore,
Be giuen to one that hath immediatly
Dependence on vs.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Byr. These are wondrous reasons,
Is not a man depending on his merits
As fit to haue the charge of such a key
As one that meerey hangs vpon your humors?

Hen. Do not enforce your merits so your selfe;
It takes away their luster, and reward.

Byr. But you will grant my suite?

Hen. I sweare I cannot,
Keeping the credit of my braine and place.

Byr. Will you deny me then?

Hen. I am inforc't;
I haue no power, more then your selfe in things
That are beyond my reason.

Byr. Then my selfe?
That's a strange slight in your comparison;
Am I become th'example of such men
As haue less power? Such a diminutiue?
I was comparatiue in the better sort;
And such a King as you, would say I cannot,
Do such; or such a thing; were I as great
In power as he; euen that indefinite he,
Exprest me full: this Moone is strangely chang'd.

Hen. How can I helpe it? would you haue a King
That hath a white beard; haue so Greene a braine?

Byr. A plague of braine; what doth this touch your braine?
You must giue me more reason or I sweare.

Hen. Sweare, what do you sweare?

Byr. I sweare you wrong me,
And deale not like a King, to iest, and slight;
A man that you should curiously reward;
Tell me of your grey beard? it is not gray
With care to recompence me, who eas'd your care.

Hen. You haue bin recompenc't, from head to foote.

Byr. With a distrust Dukedome: take your Dukedome
Bestow'd on me againe: It was not giuen
For any loue, but feare, and force of shame.

Hen. Yet twas your honor; which if you respect not,
Why seeke you this Addition?

Byr.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Byr. Since this honour,
Would shew you lou'd me to, in trusting me,
Without which loue, and trust ; honour is shame ;
A very Pageant, and a property :
Honor, with all his Adjuncts, I deserue,
And you quit my deserts, with your gray beard.

Hen. Since you expostulate the matter so ;
I tell you plaine ; another reason is
Why I am mou'd to make you this deniall
That I suspect you to haue had intelligence
With my vow'd enemies.

Byr. Misery of vertue,
Ill is made good with worse ? this reason poures
Poyson, for Balme, into the wound you made ;
You make me mad, and rob me of my soule,
To take away my tri'd loue, and my truth ;
Which of my labours, which of all my wounds,
Which ouerthrow which battle won for you,
Breedes this suspicion ? Can the blood of faith,
(Lost in all these to finde it prooffe, and strength)
Beget disloyalty ? all my raine is false,
Into the horse-faire ; springing pooles and mire ;
And not in thankfull grounds, or fields of fruite ;
Fall then before vs, oh thou flaming Christall,
That art the vncorrupted Register
Of all mens merits ; and remonstrate here,
The fights, the dangers, the affrights and horrors,
VWhence I haue rescu'd this vnthankfull King :
And shew (commixt with them) the ioyes, the glories
Of his state then : then this kind thoughts of me :
Then my deseruings : Now my infamy :
But I will be mine owne King : I will see,
That all your Chronicles be filld with me,
That none but I, and my renowned Syre
Be sayd to winne the memorable fields
Of *Arques* and *Deepe* ; and none but we of all
Kept you from dying there, in an Hospitall ;
None but my selfe, that wonne the day at *Drenne*
A day of holy name, and needs no night :

Nor

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Nor none but I at *Fontaine Francois* burst,
 The heart strings of the leagures; I alone,
 Tooke *Amiens* in these armes, and held her fast,
 In spite of all the pitchy fires she cast,
 And clouds of bullets pourd vpon my brest,
 Till she shewd yours: and tooke her naturall forme,
 Onely my selfe (marryed to victory)
 Did people *Artois, Douway, Picardy,*
Bethune, and *Saint Paul, Bapaume,* and *Courcelles,*
 With her triumphant issue.

Hen. Ha, ha, ha.

Exit.

Byron drawing, and is held by D' Au.

D' Au. Oh hold my Lord, for my sake, mighty Spirit.

Exit.

Enter Byron, Dan following vnseene.

Byr. Respect, reuenge, slaughter, repay for laughter,
 What's graue in earth, what awfull? what abhord?
 If my rage be rediculouse? I will make it,
 The law and rule of all things serious.
 So long as idle and rediculous King
 Are suffered, soothed and wrest all right, to safety
 So long is mischief gathering massacres,
 For their curse kingdomes; which I will preuent,
 Laughter'sle fright it from him, farre as he,
 Hath cast irreuocable shame; which euer,
 Being found is lost, and lost returneth neuer;
 Should kings cast off their bounties, with their dangers
 Hethat can warme at fires, where vertue burnes,
 Hunt pleasure through her torments; nothing feele,
 Of all his subiects suffer, but (long hid)
 In wants, and miseries, and hauing past
 Through all the grauest shapes, of worth and honor,
 (For all *Heroique* fashions to be learned,
 By those hard lessons) shew an antique vizard,
 Who would not with him rather hewd to nothing,
 Then left so monstrous? slight my seruices?

H

Drowne

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Drowne the dead noyses of my sword in laughter?
My blowes, as but the passages of shadowes,
Ouer the highest and most barren hills,
And vse me, like, no man; but as he tooke me
Into a desert, gasht withall my wounds,
Sustain'd for him, and buried me in flies;
Forth vengeance then, and open wounds in him
Shall let in *Spaine* and *Sauoy*.

Offers to draw and D' Au. againe holds him.

D' Au. Oh my Lord,
This is too large a licence giuen your fury;
Giue time to it; what reason, suddainly,
Cannot extend, respice doth oft supply.

Byr. While respice holds reuenge, the wrong redoubles,
And so the shame of sufferance, it torments me,
To thinke what I endure, at his shrunke hands,
That scornes the giuft of one poore fort to me:
That haue subdu'd for him: Oh iniury,
Forts, Cities, Countries, I and yet my fury. *Exeunt.*

Hen. *Byron?*

D' Au. My Lord? the King calls.

Hen. Turne I pray,
How now? from whence flow these distracted faces?
From what attempt returne they? as disclayming,
Their late *Heroique* bearer? what, a pistoll?
Why, good my Lord, can mirth make you so wrathful.

Byr. Mirth? twas mockery, a contempt; a scandall
To my renowne for euer: a repulse,
As miserably cold, as Stygian water,
That from sincere earth issues, and doth breake
The strongest vessels, nor to be contain'd,
But in the tough hoose of a patient Ass.

Hen. My Lord, your iudgment is not competent,
In this dissention, I may say of you;
As Fame sayes of the ancient Eleans,
That, in th'Olympian contentions,
They euer were the iustest Arbitrators,
If none of them contended, nor were parties;

Those.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Those that will moderate disputations well,
 Mult not themselves affect the coronet;
 For as the ayre containd within our eares:
 If it be not in quiet; nor refrains,
 Troubling our hearing, with offensive sounds;
 But our affected instrument of hearing,
 Repleat with noise, and singings in it selfe,
 It faithfully receiues no other voyces;
 So, of all iudgements, if within themselves
 They suffer spleene, and are tumultuous;
 They can not equall differences with them;
 And this wiude, that doth sing so in your eares,
 I know, is no disease bred in your selfe;
 But whispered in by others; who in swelling
 Your veines with empty hope of much, yet able,
 To performe nothing; are like shallow streames,
 That make themselves so many heauens; to sight;
 Since you may see in them, the Moone, and Starres
 The blew space of the ayre; as farre from vs,
 (To our weake senses) in those shallow streames
 As if they were as deepe as heauen is high:
 Yet with your middle finger onely, sound them,
 And you shall pierce them to the very earth;
 And therefore leaue them, and be true to me
 Or youle be left by all; or be like one
 That in cold nights will needes haue all the fire,
 And there is held by others, and embrac't
 Onely to burne him: your fire will be inward,
 Which an other deluge can put out:

Byron kneeles while the King goes on.

O Innocence the sacred aumulet,
 Gainst all the poysons of infirmity:
 Of all misfortune, iniury, and death,
 That makes a man, in tune still in himselfe;
 Free from the hell to be his owne accuser,
 Euer in quiet, endles ioy inioying;
 No strife, nor no sedition in his powers:
 No motion in his will, against his reason,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

No thought gainst thought, nor (as twere in the confines
Of wishing, and repenting) doth possesse
Onely a wayward and tumultuous peace,
But (all parts in him, friendly and secure,
Fruitefull of all best things in all worst seasons)
He can with euery wish, be in their plenty,
When, the infectious guilt of one foule crime,
Destroyes the free content of all our time.

Byr. Tis all acknowledgd, and (though all to late)
Here the short madnesse of my anger ends:
If euer I did good I lockt it safe
In you th'impregnable defence of goodnesse:
If ill, I presse it with my penitent knees
To that vnsounded depth, whence naught returneth.

Hen. Tis inusique to mine eares, rise then for euer,
Quit of what guilt so euer, till this houre,
And nothing toucht in honor or in spirit,
Rise without flatteray, rise by absolute merit.

Enter Esp. to the King, Byron, &c

Enter Sauioy with three Ladies

Esp. Sir if it please you to bee taught any Court-ship take
you to your stand, *Sauioy* is at it with three Mistresses at once, he
loues each of them best, yet all differently.

Hen. For the time he hath beene here, hee hath talkt a Vo-
lume greater then the Turks alcaron; stand vp close; his lips goe
still.

Sau. Excuse me, excuse me; The King has yee all.

1. True Sir, in honorable subiection.

2. To the which we are bound by our loyalty.

Sau. Nay your excuse, your excuse, intend me for affecti-
on: you are all bearers of his fauours; and deny him not your
opposition by night.

3. You say rightly in that; for therein wee oppose vs to his
command.

1. In the which he neuer yet prest vs.

2. Such is the benidiction of our peace.

Sau. You take me still in flat misconstruction, and conceiue

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

not by me.

1. Therein we are strong in our owne purposes; for it were something scandalous to conceiue by you.

2. Though there might be question made of your fruitfulness, yet dry weather in haruest dooes no harme.

Hen. They will talke him into *Sauoy*; he beginnes to hunt downe.

Sau. As the King is, and hath bin, a most admired, and most vnmatchable souldier, so hath he bin, and is, a sole excellent, and vnpareld Courtier.

Hen. *Pouure Amy Mercie.*

1. Your highnesse does the King but right fir.

2. And heauen shall blesse you for that iustice, With plentiful store of want in Ladies affections.

Sau. You are cruell, and will not vouchsafe me audience to any conclusion.

1. Beseech your grace conclude, that we may present our curtesies to you and giue you the adiew.

Sau. It is said the king will bring an army into *Sauoy*.

2. Truly we are not of his counsaile of warre.

Sau. Nay but vouchsafe me.

3. Vouchsafe him, vouchsafe him, else there is no play in it.

1. Well I vouchsafe your Grace.

Sau. Let the King bring an army into *Sauoy*, and ile finde him sport for forty yeares.

Hen. Would I were sure of that, I should haue a longe age, and a merry.

1. I thinke your Grace would play with his army at Balloone.

2. My faith, and that's a martiall recreation.

3. It is next to impious courting.

Sau. I am not hee that can set my Squadrons ouer-night, by midnight leap my horse, curry seauen miles, and by three, leap my mistris, retorne to mine army againe, and direct as I were infatigable, I am no such tough souldier.

1. Your disparity is beleu'd fir.

2. And 'tis a peece of vertue to tell true.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

3. Gods me, the king.

Sau. Well I haue sayd nothing that may offend.

1. 'Tis hop't so.

2. If there be any mercy in laughter.

Sau. Ile take my leaue.

After the tedious stay my loue hath made,
(Most worthy to command our earthly zeale)
I come for pardon, and to take my leaue;
Affirming though I reape no other good,
By this my voyage; but t'haue seene a Prince
Of greatnes, in all grace so past report;
Nothing should repent me, and to shew,
Some token of my gratitude, I haue sent,
Into your treasure, the greatest Jewells,
In all my Cabinet of Beatrice,
And of my late deceased wife, th' Infanta,
Which are two basons, and their Ewrs of christall,
Neuer yet valued for their workman-ship,
Nor the exceeding riches of their matter
And to your stable (worthy Duke of *Byron*)
I haue sent in two of my fayrest horses.

Byr. Sent me your horses? vpon what desert?
I entertaine no presents, but for merits;
Which I am farre from at your highnesse hands;
As being of all men to you the most stranger,
There is as ample bounty in refusing;
As in bestowing, and with this I quit you.

Sau. Then haue I lost naught but my poore good will.

Hen. Wel cosin, I with al thanks welcom that;
And the rich arguments with which you proue it.
Wishing I could, to your wish welcome you;
Draw, for your Marquisate, the articles;
Agreed on in our composition,
And it is yours; but where you haue propos'd,
(In your aduices) my designe for Millaine,
I will haue no warre with the king of Spaine,
Vnlesse his hopes prooue weary of our peace;
And (Princely cosin) it is farre from me,

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

To thinke your wisdome, needful of my counsaile,
Yet loue, oft-times must offer things vnneedfull;
And therefore I would counsaile you to hold
All good tearmes, with his Maiesty of Spaine:
If any troubles should be stir'd betwixt you,
I would not stirre therein, but to appease them;
I haue too much care of my royall word,
To breake a peace so iust and consequent,
Without force of precedent iniury:
Endles desires are worthles of iust Princes,
And onely proper to the swinge of tyrants.

San. At all parts spoke like the most christian king
I take my humblest leaue, and pray your Highnes:
To hold me as your seruant, and poore kinsman,
Who wisheth no supreamer happinesse
Then to be yours: To you (right worthy Princes)
I wish for all your Fauours powr'd on me
The loue of all these Ladyes mutually,
And (so they please their Lords) that they may please
Themselues by all meanes. And be you assurde
(Most louely Princesses) as of your liues,
You cannot be true women, if true wiues. *Exit.*

Hen. Is this he *Espernon*, that you would needes
Perswade vs courted so absurdly.

Esp. This is euen he sir, howsoeuer hee hath studied his parting Courtship.

Hen. In what one poynt seem'd he so ridiculous, as you would present him?

Esp. Behold me sir, I beseech you behold me, I appeare to you as the Great Duke of *Sauoy* with these three Ladies.

Hen. Well sir we grant your resemblance.

Esp. He stole a carriage sir, from Count d' *Auergne* here.

D' Au. From me sir?

Esp. Excuse me sir, from you I assure you: heere sir, hee lye at the Lady *Antoniette*, iust thus, for the world, in the true posture of Count d' *Auergne*.

D' Au. You are exceeding delightfome.

Hen. Why is not that well? it came in with the organ hose.

BYRONS CONSPIRACIE.

Esp. Organ hose? a pox an; let it pipe it selfe into contempt,
hee hath stolne it most feloniously, and it graces him like a
disease.

Hen. I thinke he stole it from *D' Aiergne* indeed.

Esp. Well, would he had robd him of al his other diseases, he
were then the soundest Lord in *France*.

D' An. As I am sir, I shall stand all weathers with you.

Esp. But sir, he hath praisd you aboue th'inuention of rimers,

Hen. wherein? or how?

Esp. He tooke vpon him to describe your victories in warre,
and where he should haue said, you were the absolutst souldier
in Christendome, (no Ass^e could haue mist it) he deliuered you
for as pretty a fellow of your hands, as any was in *France*.

Hen. Marry God dild him.

Esp. A pox on him.

Hen. Well (to be serious) you know him well
To be a gallant Courtier: his great wit
Can turne him into any forme he lists,
More fit to be auoyded then deluded.
For my Lord Duke of *Byrron* here, well knowes,
That it infecteth, where it doth affect,
And where it seemes to counsaile, it conspires,
With him go all our fau lts, and from vs flie,
(With all his counsaile) all conspiracie.

Finis Actus Quinti,
& ultimi.

THE

THE
TRAGEDIE

OF

CHARLES

DVKE OF BYRON,
Marshall of *France*.

*Acted lately in two Playes, at the
Blacke-Friers, and other publique
Stages.*

Written by *George Chapman*.

LONDON:
Printed by N. O. for *Thomas Thorp*. 1625.

The Dedication & Prologus are wanting.
A.m.x.

THE TRAGEDIE OF CHARLES
Duke of Byron.

ACTVS I. SCAENA I.

Enter Henry, Vidame, D'escures, Espernon, Ianus.

Hen. **B**Yron false in so traytrous a relaps,
Alleag'd for our ingratitude: what offices,
Titles of honour, and what admiration,
Could *France* afford him that it powrd not on?

When he was scarce arriu'd at forty yeares,
He ranne through all chiefe dignities of *France*.
At foureteeene yeares of age he was made Colonell
To all the *Suisses* seruing them in *Flanders*;
Soone after he was Marshall of the Campe;
And shortly after, Marshall Generall:
He was receiued high Admirall of *France*
In that our Parliament we held at *Tours*;
Marshall of *France* in that we held at *Paris*.
And at the siege of *Amiens* he acknowledg'd,
None his Superiour but our selfe, the King;
Though I had there, the Princes of the blood
I made him my Lieutenant Generall,
Declar'd him ioynntly the prime Peere of *France*,
And rais'd his Barony into a Dutchy.

Ian. And yet (my Lord) all this could not allay
The satall thirst of his ambition,
For some haue heard him say he would not dye,
Till on the wings of valour he had reacht
One degree higher; and had seene his head,
Set on the Royall Quarter of a Crowne;
Yea at so vnbeleu'd a pitch he aym'd,
That he hath sayd his heart would still complaine,
Till he aspir'd the stile of Soueraigne,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And from what ground my Lord rise all the leuyes
Now made in *Italy*? from whence should spring
The warlike humor of the Count *Fuentes*?
The restless stirrings of the Duke of *Sauoy*?
The discontent the Spaniards entertain'd,
With such a threatening fury, when he heard
The preiudiciall conditions,
Propos'd him, in the treaty held at *Vernins*?
And many other braueries, this way ayming,
But from some hope of inward ayde from hence?
And that all this directly aymes at you,
Your highnesse hath by one intelligence,
Good cause to thinke; which is your late aduice,
That the Sea army, now prepar'd at *Naples*,
Hath an intended Enterprise on *Prouince*?
Although the cunning Spaniard giues it out,
That all is for *Algier*.

Hen. I must beleue,
That without treason bred in our owne breasts,
Spaines affayres are not in so good estate,
To ayme at any action against *France*:
And if *Byron* should be their instrument,
His altered disposition could not grow,
So farre wide in an instant: nor resigne,
His valour to these lawlesse resolutions
Vpon the suddain; nor without some charmes;
Of forraigne hopes and flatteries sung to him:
But farre it flies my thoughts, that such a spirit,
So actiue, valiant, and vigilant;
Can see it selfe transformed with such wild furies.
And like a dreame it shewes to my conceits,
That he who by himselfe hath won such honor:
And he to whom his father left so much,
He that still daily reapes so much from me,
And knowes he may encrease it to more prooffe
From me, then any other forraigne King;
Should quite against the streame of all religion,
Honor and reason, take a course so foule,

And

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And neither keepe his Oath, nor saue his Soule.
 Can the poore keeping of a Citadell
 Which I denyed, to be at his disposure,
 Make him forgo the whole strength of his honors ;
 It is impossible, though the violence,
 Of his hot spirit made him make attempt
 Vpon our person for denying him ;
 Yet well I found his loyall iudgement seru'd,
 To keepe it from effect : besides being offer'd,
 Two hundred thousand crownes in yearly pension:
 And to be Generall of all the forces
 The *Spaniards* had in *France* ; they found him still,
 As an vnmatcht *Achilles* in the Warres,
 So a most wise *Vlisses* to their words,
 Stopping his eares at their enchanted sounds ;
 And plaine he told them that although his blood
 (Being moou'd) by Nature, were a very fire
 And boyld in apprehension of a wrong ;
 Yet should his mind hold such a scepter there,
 As would containe it from all act and thought
 Of treachery or ingratitude to his Prince.
 Yet do I long, me thinkes to see *Laffin*,
 Who hath his heart in keeping ; since his state,
 (Growne to decay and he to discontent)
 Comes neere the ambitious plight of Duke *Byron*.
 My Lord *Vidame*, when does your Lordship thinke,
 Your Vncle of *Laffin* will be arriu'd.

Vid. I thinke (my Lord) he now is neere arriuing
 For his particular iourney and deuotion,
 Voud to the holy Lady of *Loretto*,
 Was long since past and he vpon returne.

Hen. In him, as in a christall that is charm'd,
 I shall descerne by whom and what signes,
 My rule is threatned ; and that sacred power
 That hath enabled this defensive arme,
 (When I enioy'd but an vnequall Nooke,
 Of that I now possesse) to front a King
 Farre my Superiour : And from twelue set battailes.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

March home a victor : ten of them obtaind,
Without my personall seruice; will not see
A trayterous subiect foile me, and so end
What his hand hath with such successe begunne.

Enter a Lady, and a Nurse bringing the Dolphin.

Esp. Se the young Dolphin brought to cheere your highnes.

Hen. My royall blessing, and the king of heauen,
Make thee an aged, and a happy King:
Helpe Nurse to put my sword into his hand;
Hold Boy, by this, and with it may thy arme
Cut from thy tree of rule, all traytrous branches,
That strue to shadow and eclips thy glories;
Haue thy old fathers angell for thy guide,
Redoubled be his spirit in thy brest;
Who when this state ran like a turbulent sea,
In ciuill hates and bloody enmity,
Their wraths and enuies, like so many winds,
Setled and burst; and like Halcions birth,
Be thine to bring a calme vpon the shore,
In which the eyes of warre may euer sleepe,
As ouermatch with former massacres,
When guilty, made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse;
All the sweet plentie of the realme exhausted;
When the nak't merchant, was persude for spoyle;
When the poore Pezants frighted neediest theeues
With their pale leanenesse; nothing left on them
But meager carcases sustaind with ayre,
Wandring like ghosts affrighted from their graues
When with the often and incessant sounds
The very beasts knew the alarum bell,
And (hearing it) ranne bellowing to their home:
From which vnchristian broiles and homicides,
Let the religious sword of iustice free
Thee and thy kingdomes gouern'd after me.
O heauen! or if th' vssettled bloud of France,
With ease, and wealth, renew her ciuill furies;

Let

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Let all my powres be emptied in my Sonne
 To curb and end them all, as I haue done.
 Let him by vertue, quite out of from fortune,
 Her setherd shoulders, and her winged shooes,
 And thrust from her light feete, her turning stone;
 That she may euer tarry by his throne.
 And of his worth, let after ages say,
 (He fighting for the land; and bringing home
 Iust conquests, loaden with his enemies spoyles)
 His father past all France in martiall deeds,
 But he, his father twenty times exceeds.

*Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auergne;
 and Lassin.*

Byr. My deare friends, *D' Auergne*, and *Lassin*,
 We neede no coniurations to concale :
 Our close intendments, to aduance our states
 Euen with our merits; which are now neglected;
 Since Brittain is reduc't, and breathlesse warre
 Hath sheath'd his sword, and wrapt his Ensignes vp;
 The King hath now no more vse of my valor,
 And therefore I shall now no more enioy
 The credit that my seruice held with him;
 My seruice that hath driuen through all extreames
 Through tempests, droughts, and through the deepest floods;
 Winters of shot : and ouer rockes so high
 That birds could scarce aspire their ridgy tops:
 The world is quite inuerted : vertue throwne
 At vices feete : and sensual peace confounds;
 Valor, and cowardice : fame, and infamy;
 The rude and terrible age is turnd againe:
 When the thick aire hid heauen, and all the starres,
 Were droun'd in humor, tough, and hard to peirce,
 When the red Sunne held not her fixed place;
 Kept not his certaine course, his rise and set.

Nor yet destinguish with his definite bounds;
 Nor in his firme conuersions, were discern'd
 The fruitfull distances of time and place,
 In the well varied seasons of the yeare;
 When th'incompos'd incursions of floods
 Wasted and eate the earth; and all things shewed
 Wild and disordred: nought was worse then now;
 We must reforme and haue a new creation
 Of State and gouernment; and on our *Chaos*
 Will I sit brooding vp another world.
 I who through all the dangers that can sledge
 The life of man, haue forc't my glorious way
 To the repaying of my countries ruines,
 Will ruine it againe, to re-advance it;
 Romaine *Camillus*, saue the State of Rome
 With farre lesse merite, then *Byron* hath France;
 And how short of this is my recompence.
 The King shall know, I will haue better price
 Set on my seruices, in spight of whom
 I will proclaime and ring my discontents
 Into the farthest care of all the world.

Laf. How great a spirit he breaths? how leard? how wise?
 But (worthy Prince) you must giue temperate aire,
 To your vmatcht, and more then humane winde;
 Else will our plots be frost-bit, in the flowre.

D' Au. Betwixt our selues we may giue liberall vent
 To all our fiery and displeas'd impressions;
 Which nature could not entertaine with life,
 Without some exhalation; A wrong'd thought
 Will breake a rib of Steele.

Byr. My Princely friend,
 Enough of these erruptions, our graue Counsellor
 Well knowes that great affaires will not be forg'd
 But vpon anuills that are lin'd with wool;
 We must ascend to our intentions top,
 Like Clouds that be not scene till they be vp.

Laf. O, you do too much rauish; and my sonle
 Offer to Musique in your numerous breath;

BYRONS. TRAGEDIE.

Sententious, and so high, it weakens eath;
It is for these parts, that the Spanish King
Hath sworn to winne them to his side
At any price or perill. That great *Sauoy*,
Offers his princely daughter, and a dowry,
Amounting to five hundred thousand crownes;
With full transport of all the Soueraigne rights
Belonging to the state of Burgundy;
Which marriage will be made the onely Clyment
T'effect and strengthen all our secret Treaties;
Instruēt me therefore (my assured Prince)
Now I am going to resoluē the King
Of his suspitions, how I shall behaue me.

Byr. Go my most trusted friend, with happy fecere:
Make me a sound man with him; Go to Court
But with a little trayne; and be prepar'd
To heare at first, tearmes of contempt and choller,
Which you may easily calme, and turne to grace.
If you beseech his highnes to beleue
That your whole drift and course for Italy,
(Where he had heard you were) was onely made
Out of your long-well-knowne deuotion
To our right holy Lady of *Lorretto*,
As you haue told some of my friends in Court:
And that in passing Mylan and Thurin,
They charg'd you to propound my marriage
With the third daughter of the Duke of *Sauoy*;
Which you haue done, and I reiected it,
Resolu'd to build vpon his royall care
For my bestowing, which he lately vowd.

Laf. O you direct, as if the God of light
Sat in each nooke of you; and poynted out
The path of Empire; Charming all the dangers
On both sides arm'd, with his harmonious finger.

Byr. Besides let me intreat you to dismisse,
Al that haue made the voage with your Lordship,
But specially the Curate, and to locke
Your papers in some place of doubtlesse safety;

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Or sacrifice them to the God of fire;
Considering worthily that in your hands
I put my fortunes, honour, and my life.

Laf. Therein the bounty that your Grace hath showne me,
I prize past life, and all things that are mine;
And will vndoubtedly preferue and tender
The merit of it, as my hope of heauen.

Byr. I make no question: farewel worthy friend. *Exit.*

Henry, Chancellor, Laffin, D'Escures, Iannu
Henry hauing many papers in his hand.

Hen. Are these proofs of that purely Catholike zeale
That made him wish no other glorious title,
Then to be cal'd the scourge of *Huguenots*?

Chan. No question sir, he was of no religion;
But (vpon false grounds, by some Courtiers laid)
Hath oft bin heard to mocke and iest at all.

Hen. Are not his treasons haynous?

All-- Most abhord.

Chan. All is confirm'd that you haue heard before,
And amplified with many horrors more.

Hen. Good *D'Laffin*; you were our golden plummet
To sound this gulph of all ingratitude;
In which you haue with excellent desert
Of loyalty and policy, exprest
Your name in action; and with such apparence
Haue proou'd the parts of his ingratefull treasons,
That I must credit, more then I desir'd.

Laf. I must confesse my Lord, my voyages
Made to the Duke of Sauoy, and to Myllan;
Were with endeaour, that the warres returnd,
Might breede some trouble to your Maiesty;
And profit those by whom they were procur'd;
But since, in their designes, your sacred person
Was not excepted (which I since haue seene)
It so abhord me that I was resolu'd
To giue you full intelligence thereof;

And

And rather chus'd to fayle in promises,
Made to the seruant, then infringe my fealty
Sworne to my royall Soueraigne and Maister.

Hen. I am extreemely discontent to see,
This most vnnaturall conspiracie;
And would not haue the Marshall of *Byron*,
The first example of my forced Iustic;
Nor that his death should be the worthy cause;
That my calme raigne (which hetherto hath held
A cleare and cheerefull skie aboue the heads
Of my deare subiects) should so suddenly
Be ouer-cast with clouds of fire and thunder;
Yet on submission I vow still his pardon.

Ian. And stil our humble counsailes for his seruice,
Would so resolute you, if he will imploy
His honourd valor as effectually,
To fortifie the state against your foes;
As he hath practis'd bad intendments with them.

Hen. That vow shal stand: and we wil now adres
Some messengers to call him home to Court;
Without the slenderest intimation,
Of any ill we know; we will restraine
(VWithall forgiuenes, if he will confesse)
His headlong course to ruine; and his taste,
From the sweete poyson of his friendlike foes
Treason hath blisterd heeles, dishonour'd Things:
Hane bitter Riuers, though delicious Springs;
Deserues haste you vnto him, and informe,
That hauing heard by sure intelligence,
Of the great leaues made made in Italie,
Of Armes and souldiers, I am resolute,
Vpon my frontiers to maintaine an Army;
The charge whereof I will impose on him;
And to that end, expressly haue commanded,
De Vic, our Lord Ambassador in Suisse,
To demand leaue of six thousand men;
Appoynting them to march where Duke *Byron*
Shall haue directions, wherein I haue follow'd.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The counsaile of my Constable his Gossip;
Whose lik't aduice, I made him know by letters,
Wishing to heare his own; from his owne mouth,
And by a'l meanes coniure, his speediest presence;
Do this with vtmost hast.

Desc. I will my Lord

Exit Desc.

Hen. My good Lord Chancellor, of many peeces,
More then is here, of his conspiracies
Presented to vs, by our friend *Lassin*;
You onely, shal reserve these seauen and twenty,
Which are not those that must conclude' gainst him
But mention onely him: since I am loth,
To haue the rest of the conspirators knowne,

Chan. My Lord, my purpose is to guard al these
So safely from the sight of any other:
That in my doublet I will haue them sow'd;
Without discovering them to mine owne eies,
Till neede, or opportunity requires.

Hen. You shal do wel my Lord, they are of weight
But I am doubtfull that his conscience
Will make him so suspitious of the worst,
That he will hardly be induc't to come.

Ian. I much should doubt that to, but that I hope
The strength of his conspiracie, as yet
Is not so ready, that he dare presume,
By his refusall to make knowne so much
Of his disloyalty.

Hen. I yet conceiue;
His practises are turn'd to no bad end,
And good *Lassin*, I pray you write to him,
To hasten his repayre: and make him sure,
That you haue satisfide me to the full
For all his actions, and haue vttered nought,
But what might serue to banish bad impressions.

Laf. I will not faile my Lord.

Hen. Conuey your letters;
By some choyce friend of his: or by his brother;
And for a third excitement to his presence;

Ianin,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Ianin, your selfe shall goe, and with the power
That both the rest employ to make him come,
Use you the strength of your perswasions.

Ian. I will my Lord, and hope I shall present him. *Ex. Ian.*

Enter Esper. Soisson, Vitry, Pralin, &c.

Esp. Wilt please your Maiesty to take your place,
The Maske is comming.

Hen. Roome my Lords, stand close.

*Musique and a Song, above, and Cupid enters with a
Table written, hung about his necke; after him two
Torch-bearers; after them Mary D'Entragues, and
foure Ladies more with their Torch-bearers, &c.
Cupid speakes.*

Cup. My Lord, these Nymphs, part of the scatter'd traine,
Offspring of verue (liuing in the woods
Of shady *Arden*: and of late not hearing
The dreadfull sounds of Warre; but that sweet Peace,
Was by your valour lifted from her grane,
Set on your royall right hand; and all vertues
Summond with honor, and with rich rewards,
To be her hand-maydes): These I say, the vertues,
Haue put their heads out of their caues and couerts,
To be her true attendants in your Court:
In which desire, I must relate a tale,
Of kinde and worthy emulation,
Twixt these two Vertues, leaders of the traine:
This on the right hand is *Sophrosyne*,
Or *Chastity*: this other *Daphne*
Or *Liberality*: their emulation
Begot a iarre, which thus was reconcil'd.
I (hauing left my Goddesse mothers lap,
To hawke and shoote at Birds in *Arden* groues,)
Beheld this Princely Nymph with much affection,
Lest killing birds, and turn'd into a Birde,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Like which I flew betwixt her Ivory breasts,
 As if I had beene driuen by some Hawke,
 To sue to her for safety of my life;
 She smilde at first, and sweetly shadow'd me,
 With soft protection of her siluer hand;
 Sometimes she tyed my legges in her rich hayre,
 And made me (past my nature, liberty)
 Proud of my fetters: As I pertly sat,
 On the white pillowes of her naked breasts,
 I sung for ioy; she answered note for note,
 Relish for relish, with such ease and Arte,
 In her diuine diuision, that my tunes,
 Shew'd like the God of shepheards to the Sunnes,
 Compar'd with hers: ashamde of which disgrace,
 I tooke my true shape, bow, and all my shafts,
 And lighted all my torches at her eyes,
 Which (set about her, in a golden ring)
 I follow'd birds againe, from tree to tree,
 Kild and presented, and she kindly tooke.
 But when she handled my tryumphant bow,
 And saw the beauty of my golden shafts,
 She begd them off me; I, poore boy replied,
 I had no other Riches; yet was pleas'd
 To hazard all, and stake them gainst a kisse,
 At an old Game I vs'd, call'd Penny-pricke.
 She priuy to her owne skill in the play,
 Answerd my challenge, so I lost my armes:
 And now my shafts are headed with her lookes,
 One of which shafts she put into my bow,
 And shot at this faire Nymph, with whom before
 I told your Maiesty, she had some iarre.
 The Nymph did instantly repent all parts
 She playd in vrging that effeminate warre,
 Lou'd and submitted; which submission
 This tooke so well, that now they both are one:
 And as for your deare loue, their discords grew,
 So for your loue, they did their loues renew.
 And now to prooue them capable of your Court,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In skill of such conceits, and qualities
As here are practis'd; they will first submit
Their grace in dancing to your highnesse doome,
And play the prease to giue their measures roome:

Musique, Dance, &c. which done Cupid speakes.

If this suffice, for one Court complement,
To make them gracious and entertain'd;
Behold another parcell of their Court-ship,
Which is a rare dexterity in Riddles,
Showne in one instance, which is here inscrib'd.
Here is a Riddle, which if any Knight
At first sight can resolue; he shall enioy
This Iewell here annext; which though it show
To vulgar eyes, no richer then a Pebble;
And that no Ladidary, nor great man
Will giue a Soule for it; 'tis worth a Kingdome:
For 'tis an artificiall stone composde,
By their great Mistresse, Vertue; and will make
Him that shall weare it, liue with any little,
Suffizde, and more content then any King.
If he that vndertakes cannot resolue it;
And that these Nymphs can haue no harbor here;
(It being considered, that so many vertues
Can neuer liue in Court) he shall resolue
To leaue the Court, and liue with them in *Arden*.

Esp. Pronounce the Riddle: I will vndertake it.

Cup. 'Tis this fir.

*What's that a faire Lady, most of all likes,
Yet euer makes shew she least of all seekes?
That's euer embrac'd and affected by her,
Yet neuer is seene to please or come nigh her:
Most seru'd in her night-weeds: does her good in a corner,
But a poore mans thing, yet doth richly a dorne her:
Most cheape, and most deare, aboue all worldly pelfe,
That is hard to get in, but comes out of it selfe.*

Esp. Let me peruse it, *Cupid*.

Cup. Here it is.

Esp. Your Riddle is good *Fame*.

Cup.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Cup. Good fame? how make you that good?

Esp. Good fame, is that a good Lady most likes, I am sure.

Cup. That's granted.

Esp. Yet euer makes shewe shee least of all seekes: for shee like it onely for vertue, which is not glorious.

Hen. That holds well.

Esp. Tis euer embrac't and affected by her: for shee must, perseuer in vertue or fame vanishes. Yet neuer seene to please or come nigh her, for fame is inuisible.

Cup. Exceeding right.

Esp. Most serued in her night-weeds: for Ladies that most weare their night-weeds come lest abroad, and they that come lest abroad, serue fame most; according to this; *Non forma sed fama in publicum exire debet.*

Hen. Tis very substantiall.

Esp. Does her good in a corner: that is in her most retreat from the world, comtorts her; but a poore mans thing: for euery poore man may purchase it, yet doth richly adorne a Lady.

Cup. That all must grant.

Esp. Most cheape for it colts nothing, and most deare, for gold cannot buy it; aboue all wordly pelffe; for that's transitorie and fame eternall. It is hard to get in, that is hard to get: But comes out of it selfe; for when it is vertuously deserued with the most inward retreat from the World, it comes out in spite of it, and so *Cupid* your iewell is mine.

Cup. It is; and be the vertue of it, yours:
Wee'l now turne to our daunce, as touching our resort,
If vertue may bee entertain'd in Court.

Hen. This shew hath pleased me well, for that it figures.
The reconcilement of my Queene and Mistrresse:
Come let vs in and thanke them, and prepare,
To entertayne our trusty friend *Byron*.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Secundi.

ACTVS

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.
ACTVS 3. SCÆNA 1.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auergne.

Byr. Deare friend, we must not be more true to kings,
Then kings are to their subiects, there are scholes,
Now broken ope in all parts of the world,
First founded in ingenious Italy,
Where some conclusions of estate are held,
That for a day preserve a Prince, and euer,
Destroy him after : from thence men are taught,
To glyde into degrees of hight by craft,
And then lock in themselves by villanie:
But God who knowes kings are not made by art,
But right of Nature, nor by treachery propt,
But simple vertue, once let fall from heaven,
A branch of that greene tree, whose roote is yet,
Fast fixt about the starres, which sacred branch,
We well may liken to that Lawrell spray,
That from the heauenly Eagles golden seres,
Fell in the lap of great *Augustus* wife,
Which spray once set, grew vp into a tree,
Whereof were Garlands made, and Emperors,
Had their estates and forheads crownd with them;
And as the armes of that tree did decay,
The race of great *Augustus* wore away,
Nero being last of that imperiall line,
The tree and Emperour together died.
Religion is a branch, first set and blest
By heavens high finger in the hearts of kings,
Which while some grew into a goodly tree,
Bright Angells sat and sung vpon the twigs,
And royall branches for the heads of Kings,
Were twisted of them but since squint-eid enuy;
And pale suspicion, dashed the heads of kingdoms,
One gainst another : two abhorred twins,
With two foule tayles: sterne Warre and Liberty
Entred the world. The tree that grew from heauen.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Is ouer-runne with mosse; the cheereful musique,
That heretofore hath sounded out of it,
Beginnes to cease; and as she casts her leaues,
(By small degrees) the kingdomes of the earth
Decline and wither; and looke whensoever
That the pure sap in her, is dried vp quite;
The lamp of all authority goes out,
And all the blaze of Princes is extinckt;
Thus as the Poet sends a messenger
Out to the stage, to shew the summe of all,
That followes after: so are Kings reuolts,
And playing both wayes with religion,
Fore-runners of afflictions imminent,
Which (like a Chorus) subiects must lament.

D' Au My Lord I stand not on these deepe discourses;
To settle my course to your fortunes; mine
Are freely and inseperably linckt:
And to your loue my life.

Byr. Thanks Princely friend,
And whatsoeuer good shall come of me,
Persu'd by all the Catholike Princes aydes
With whom I ioyne, and whose whole states propolde,
To winne my valor, promise me a throne:
All shall be equall with my selfe, thine owne.

La Bruu. My Lord here is *D'escuris* sent from the King,
Desires accesse to you.

Enter D'escuris.

Byr. Attend him in.

Desc. Health to my Lord the Duke.

Byr. Welcome *D'escuris*,

In what health rests our royall Soueraigne.

Desc. In good health of his body, but his minde
Is something troubled with the gathering stormes
Of forreigne powres; that as he is inform'd
Addresse themselves into his frontier townes;
And therefore his intent is to maintaine:

The

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The body of an army on those parts;
And yeald their worthy conduct to your valor.

Byr. From whence heares he that any stormes are rising?

Desc. From Italy; and his intelligence,
No doubt is certaine, that in all those parts
Leuies are hotly made, for which respect,
He sent to his Ambassadour *De Vic*,
To make demand in Switzerland, for the raising,
With vtmost dilligence of sixe thousand men;
All which shall be commanded to attend,
On your direction; as the Constable
Your honord Gossip gaue him in aduice;
And he sent you by wrighting, of which letters,
He would haue answer, and aduice from you
By your most speedy presence.

Byr. This is strange,
That when the enemy is attempt his frontiers;
He calls me from the frontiers: does he thinke,
It is an action worthy of my valor
To turne my backe, to an approaching foe?

Desc. The foe is not so nere, but you may come,
And take more strickt directions from his highnes
Then he thinkes at his letters should containe,
Without the least attainture of your valour;
And therefore good my Lord, forbear excuse
And beare your selfe on his direction;
Who well you know hath neuer made designe
For your most worthy seruice, where he saw
That any thing but honor could succede.

Byr. I will not come I sweare.

Desc. I know your Grace,
Will send no such vsauory reply.

Byr. Tell him that I beseech his Maiesty,
To pardon my repayre till thend be knowne
Of all these leuies now in Italy.

Desc. My Lord I know that tale wil neuer please him;
And wish you as you loue his loue and pleasure
To satisfie his summons speedily:

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And speedily I know he will returne you.

Byr. By heauen it is not fit : if all my seruice
Makes me know any thing : beseech him therefore,
To trust my iudgment in these doubtfull charges,
Since in assur'd assaults it hath not faild him.

Des. I would your Lordship now would trust his iudgment.

Byr. Gods pretious, y^e are importunate past measure,
And (I know) further then your charge extends,
Ile satisfie his highnesse, let that serue;
For by this flesh and bloud, you shall not beare,
Any reply to him, but this from me.

De. Tis naught to me my Lord, I wish your good,
And for that cause haue bin importunate. *Exit Des.*

Brunel. By no meanes go my Lord; but with distrust
Of all that hath bin said or can be sent;
Collect your friends, and stand vpon your guard,
The Kings faire letters, and his messages
Are onely Golden Pills, and comprehend
Horrible purgatiues.

Byr. I will not goe,
For now I see the instructions lately sent me,
That something is discouerd; are too true,
And my head rules none of those neighbour Nobles,
That euery pursuant brings beneath the axe:
If they bring me out, they shall see ile hatch
Like to the Black-thorne, that puts forth his leafe,
Not with the golden fawnings of the Sunne,
But sharpest showers of haile, and blackest frosts,
Blowes, batties, breaches, showres of Steele and bloud
Must be his downe-right messengers for me,
And not the misling breath of policy:
He, he him selfe, made passage to his Crowne
Through no more armies, battailes, massacres.
Then I will aske him to arriue at me;
He takes on him, my executions,
And on the demolitions, that this arme,
Hath shaken out of forts and Citadells,
Hath he aduanc't the tropheys of his valor;
Where I, in those assumptions may scorne,

And

And speake contemptuously of all the World,
 For any equall yet, I euer found;
 And in my rising, not the Syrian Starre
 That in the Lyons mouth, vndaunted shines,
 And makes his braue assention with the Sunne,
 Was of th'Egyptians, with more zeale beheld;
 And made a rule to know the circuite,
 And compasse of the yeare; then I was held
 When I appeard from battaile; the whole sphere;
 And full sustainer of the state we beare;
 I haue Alcides-like gone vnder th'earth
 And on these shoulders borne the weight of *France*:
 And (for the fortunes of the thankles King)
 My father (all know) set him in his throne,
 And if he vrge me, I may plucke him out. *En. Mes.*

Mes. Here is the president *Ianin*, my Lord;
 Sent from the King, and vrgeth quicks acceffe.

Byr. Another Pursuant? and one so quicke?
 He takes next course with me, to make him stay:
 But let him in, let's heare what he importunes. *En. Ia.*

Ian. Honor and loyall hopes to Duke *Byron*.

Byr. No other touch me: say how fares the King?

Ian. Farelly my Lord; the cloud is yet farre off
 That aymes at his obscuring, and his will,
 Would gladly giue the motion to your powers
 That should disperse it; but the meanes, himselfe,
 Would personally relate in your direction.

Byr. Still on that haunt?

Ian. Vpon my life, my Lord;
 He much desires to see you, and your sight
 Is now growne necessary to suppress
 (As with the glorious splendor of the Sunne)
 The rude windes that report breaths in his eares,
 Endeauouring to blast your loyalty.

Byr. Sir, if my loyalty, sticke in him no faster
 But that the light breath of report may loose it,
 (So I rest still vnmoou'd) let him be shaken.

Ian. But these aloofe abodes, my Lord bewray,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

That there is rather firmenesse in your breath,
Then in your heart; Truth is not made of glasse,
That with a small touch, it should feare to breake
And therefore should not shunne it; beleue me
His arme is long, and strong, and it can fetch
Any within his will, that will not come :
Not he that surfeits in his mines of gold,
And for the pride thereof compares with God,
Calling (with almost nothing different);
His powers inuincible, for omnipotent,
Can back your boldest fort gainst his assaults;
It is his pride, and vaine ambition,
That hath but two starres in his high designs;
(The lowest enuey, and the highest bloud)
That doth abuse you, and giues mindes too high,
Rather a mill by giddinesse to fall,
Then to descend by iudgment.

Byr. I relye

On no mans backe nor belly, but the king
Must thinke that merit, by ingratitude crackt,
Requires a firmer sementing then words.
And he shall finde it a much harder worke
To soder broken hearts, then shiuerd glasse.

Ian. My Lord, 'tis better hold a Soueraignes loue
By bearing iniuries; then by laying out
Stirre his displeasure; Princes discontent;
(Being once incenst) are like the flames of *Aina*,
Not to be quencht, no nor lessned: and be sure,
A subjects confidence in any merit,
Against his Soueraigne, that makes him presume
To flie too high; approoues him like a cloude,
That makes a shew as it did haulke at kingdoms,
And could command, all raisd beneath his vapor,
When sodainly, the Foule that haulkt so faire,
Stoopest in a puddle, or consumes in ayre.

Byr. I flye with no such ayme, nor am opposde
Against my Sourraigne, but the worthy hight
I haue wrought by my seruice, I will hold,

Which

Which if I come away, I cannot do,
For if the enemy should inuade the Frontier,
Whose charge to guard, is mine, with any spoyle,
(Although the King in placing of an other
Might well excuse me) Yet all forreigne Kings
That can take note of no such secret quittance,
Wil lay the weakenesse here, vpon my wants,
And therefore my abode is resolute.

Ian. I sorrow for your resolution,
And feare your dissolution, will succeed.

Byr. I must endure it.

Ian. Fare you well my Lord.

Exit Ian.

Byr. Farewell to you.

Enter Brun.

Captaine what other newes?

Brun. *Lassin* salutes you.

Byr. Welcome good friend; I hope your wisht arriual,
Will giue some certaine end to our designs.

Brun. I know not that my Lord, reports are rais'd so doubt-
full and so different, that the truth of any one can hardly bee
assurd.

Byr. Good newes *D' Auergne*, our trusty friend *Lassin*,
Hath clear'd all scruples with his Maiessty,
And vtterd nothing but what seru'd to cleare
All bad Suggestions.

Brun. So he sayes, my Lord
But others say, *Lassin's* assurances
Are meere deceipts, and wish you to belecue;
That when the *Vidame*, nephew to *Lassin*;
Met you at *Antune*, to assure your doubts,
His Vncle had said nothing to the King
That might offend you; all the iournies charge,
The King defraide; besides, your truest friends
Wil'd me to make you certaine that your place
Of gouernment is otherwise dispos'd'd;
And all aduise you for your latest hope,
To make retreat into the *French County*.

Byr. I thanke them al, but they touch not the depth,
Of the affaires, betwixt *Lassin* and me.

Who

Who is return'd contented to his house,
Quite freed of all displeasure or distrust;
And therefore worthy friends weel now to Court.

D' Au. My Lord, I like your other friends aduices;
Much better then *Laffins*; and on my life
You cannot come to Court with any safety.

Byr. Who shall infringe it? I know, all the Court,
Haue better apprehension of my valour;
Then that they dare lay violent hands on me;
If I haue only meanes to draw this sword,
I shall haue power enough to set me free
From seizure, by my proudest enemy. *Exit.*

Enter Esper. Vyt, Pral.

Esp. He will not come, I dare engage my hand.

Vyt. He will be fetcht then, ile engage my head.

Pral. Come, or be fetcht, he quite hath lost his honor.
In giuing these suspitions of reuolt
From his allegiance: that which he hath wonne,
With sundry wounds, and perill of his life;
With wonder of his wisdom, and his valour,
He looseth with a most enchanted glory:
And admiration of his pride and folly.

Vit. Why did you neuer see a fortunate man,
Sudainly rais'd to heapes of wealth and honor?
Nor any rarely great in gifts of nature,
As valour, wit and smooth vse of the tongue,
Set strangely to the pitch of populare likings?
But with as suddaine falls the rich and honor'd,
Were ouerwhelm'd by pouerty and shame,
Or had no vse of both aboue the wretched.

Esp. Men neuer are satisfi'd with that they haue;
But as a man matcht with a louely wife,
When his most heauenly Theoric of her beauties,
Is dul'd and quite exhausted with his practise:
He brings her forth to feasts, where he alas,
Falls to his viands with no thought like others,
That thinke him blest in her, and they (poore men)

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Court, and make faces, offer seruice sweate,
With their desires contention, break their braines
For iests, and tales, sit mute, and loose thir lookes,
(Far out of wit, and out of countenance)
So all men else, do what they haue transplānt,
And place their welth in thirst of what they want.

Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vid. Desc. Ianin.

Hen. He will not come, I must both grieue and wonder,
That all my care to win my subiects loue
And in one cup of friendship to commixe,
Our liues, and fortunes, should leaue out so many
As giue a man (contemptuous of my loue,
And of his owne good, in the Kingdomes peace)
Hope, in a countiuance so vngratefull,
To beare out his designs in spight of me:
How shall I better please all then I do?
When they suppos'd I would haue giuen some,
Insolent garisons; others Citadells,
And to all sorts, encrease of miseries;
Prouince by Prouince, I did visit all
Whom those iniurious rumors had diswaide;
And shewd them how, I neuer sought to build,
More forts for me, then were within their hearts;
Nor vse more sterne constraints, then their good wils,
To succour the necessities of my crowne,
That I desired to ad to their contents
By all occasions, rather then substract;
Nor wisht I, that my treasury should flow,
With gold that swum in, in my subiects teares;
And then I found no man, that did not blesse,
My few yeares reigne; and their triumphant peace,
And do they now so soone, complayne of ease?
He will not come?

*Enter Byron, D' Auergne, brother
with others.*

Esp. O madnesse! he is come.

M

Chan.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Chan. The Duke is come my Lord.

Hen. Oh Sir, y'are welcome,
And fitly to conduct me to my house.

Byr. I must beseech your Maiesties excuse,
That (lealoufie of mine honor) I haue vs'd,
Some of mine owne commandement in my stay,
And came not with your highnesse soonest summons.

Hen. The faithfull seruant right in holy writ;
That said he would not come and yet he came:
But come you hether, I must tell you now;
Not the contempt you stood to in your stay,
But the bad ground that bore vp your contempt,
Makes you arriue at no port but repentance.
Despayre, and ruine.

Byr. Be what port it will,
At which your will, will make me be ariued,
I am not come to iustifie my selfe,
To aske you pardon nor accuse my friends:

Hen. If you conceale my enemies you are one,
And then my pardon shall be worth your asking,
Or else your head be worth my cutting off.

Byr. Being friend and worthy fautor of my selfe,
I am no foe of yours, nor no empayrer,
Since he can no way worthely maintaine
His Princes honor that neglects his owne:
And if your wil haue bin to my true reason,
(Maintaining still the truth and loyalty)
A checke to my free nature and mine honor;
And that on your free iustice I presum'd
To crosse your will a little, I conceiue,
You will not thinke this forfait worth my head.

Hen. Haue you maintaind your truth of loyalty?
When since I pardoned foule ententions,
Resoluing to forget eternally, what they appeard in,
And had welcom'd you, as a kind father doth his riotous son.
I can approoue facts fouler then th'intents,
Of deepe disloyalty and highest treason.

Byr. May this right hand be thunder to my brest,

If I stand guilty of the slenderest fact,
Wherein the least of those two can be prooued,
For could my tender conscience but haue toucht,
At any such vnaturall relaps;
I would not with this confidence haue runne,
Thus headlong in the fournace of a wrath,
Blowne, and thrice kindled : hauing way enough,
In my election both to shun and slight it.

Hen. Y^e are grosely and vaine gloriously abus'd,
There is no way in *Sauoy* nor in *Spaine*,
To giue a foole that hope of your escape,
And had you not (euen when you did) arriued,
(With horror to the proudest hope you had)
I would haue tetcht you.

Byr. You then must haue vs'd,
A power beyond my knowledge, and a will,
Beyond your iustice, for a little stay
More then I vs'd would hardly haue bin worthy,
Of such an open exhebitiō;
I which to all the censures of the world,
My faith and Innocence had b n fouly foyld;
Which (I protest) by heauens bright witnesses
That shine farr, farr, from mixture with our feares,
Retaine a perfect roundnes as their spheares.

Hen. Tis well my Lord, I thought I could haue frighted
Your firmest confidence: some other time,
We will (as now in priuate) sift your actions,
And poure more then you thinke into the sieue,
Alwayes reseruing clemency and pardon
Vpon confession, be you nere so foule,
Come lets cleere vp our browes shall we to tennis.

Byr. I my Lord if I may make the match,
The Duke *Espernon* and my selfe will play,
With you and Count *Seissons*.

Esp. I know my Lord.
You play well, but you make your matches ill.

Hen. Come tis a match.

Exit.

Byr. How like you my arriual?

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Esp. Ile tell you as a friend in your eare.
You haue giuen more preferment to your courage,
Then to the prouident counsailes of your friends.

D'An. I told him so my Lord, and much was grieved
To see his bold approach so full of will.

Byr. Wel I must beare it now, though but with th'head,
The shoulders bearing nothing.

Esp. By Saint Iohn,
Tis a good headlesse resolution.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 4. SCENA I.

Enter the Duke of Byron, D' Auergne.

Byr. O the most base fruites of a setled peace!
In men, I meane; worse then their durty fields,
Which they manure much better then themselues;
For them they plant, and sowe, and ere they grow,
Wedy, and choakt with thornes, they grub and proyn
And make them better, then when cruell warre,
Frighted from thence the sweary labourer:
But men themselues instead of bearing fruites,
Grow rude and foggy, ouer-growne with weedes,
Their spirits, and freedomes smothered in their ease;
And as their tyrants and their ministers,
Grow wilde in prosecution of their lusts,
So they grow prostitute, and lie like whores)
Downe and take vp, to their abhord dishonors:
The friendlesse may be iniur'd and opprest;
The guiltlesse led to slaughter, the deseruer
Giuen to the begger; right be wholly wrongd,
And wrong be onely honour'd, till the strings
Of euery mans heart cracke, and who will stirre,
To tell authority that it dothe erre.
All men cling to it, though they see their blouds
In their most deare associates and allies,
Poured into kennels by it: and who dares
But looke well in the breast, whom that impayres?

How

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

How all the Court now lookes as kew on me?
Go by without saluting, shun my sight,
Which (like a March Sunne) agues breeds in them,
From whence of late, 'twas health to haue a beame.
D. Au. Now none wil speake to vs, we thrust our selues
Into mens companies, and offer speech,
As if not made, for their deliuered cares.
Their backs turnd to vs, and their words to others,
And we most like obsequious Parasites,
Follow their faces, winde about their persons,
For lookes and answers, or be cast behinde,
No more view'd then the wallet of their faults.

Enter Soiffon.

Byr. Yet her's one views me, and I thinke wil speake.
Soiff. My Lord, if you respect your name and race,
The preservation of your former honors,
Merites and vertues, humbly cast them all,
At the kings mercy, for beyond all doubt,
Your acts haue thether driuen them: he hath proofes
So pregnant, and so horrid, that to heare them,
Would make your valor in your very lookes,
Giue vp your forces miseraly guilty,
But he is loth (for his ancient loue
To your rare vertues) and in their empaire,
The full discouragement of all that liue,
To trust or fauour any gifts in Nature,
T' expose them to the light; when darknesse may
Couer her owne broode, and keepe still in day,
Nothing of you but that may brooke her brightnesse:
You know what horrors these high strokes do bring,
Raisd in the arme of an incensed King.

Byr. My Lord, be sure the King cannot complayne
Of any thing in me, but my true seruice,
Which in so many dangers of my death
May so approoue my spoulelesse loyalty,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

That those quite opposite horrors you assure,
Must looke out of his owne ingratitude;
Or the malignant cruities of my foes;
Who powre me out in such a Stigian flood,
To drowne me in my selfe, since their deserts
Are farre from such a deluge; and in me
Hid like so many riuers in the Sea.
Self. You thinke I come to sound you; farwel. *Exit.*

*Enter Chancellor, Espernon, Ianin, Vidame
Vivry, Pralin, whispering by couples, &c.*

D' Au. See see, not one of them will cast a glance
At our eclipsed faces.

Byr. They keepe all to cast in admiration on the king
For from his face are all their faces moulded.

D' Au. But when a change comes we shal se them al
Chang'd into water, that will instantly
Giue looke for looke, as if it warcht to greete vs;
Or else for one, they'l giue vs twenty faces,
Like to the little specks on sides of glasses.

Byr. Is't not an easie losse, to losse their lookes,
Whose hearts so soone are melted?

D' Au. But me thinks,
(Being courtiers) they should cast best lookes on men
When they thought worst of them.

Byr. O no my Lord,
They n're dissemble but for some aduantage;
They sell their lookes, and shadowes, which they rate
After their markets, keepe beenath the State;
Lord what foule weather their spectrs do threaten?
See in how graue a Baile he sets his vizard;
Passion of nothing; See; an excellent Iesture:
Now Courtship goes a ditching in their fore-heads;
And we are falne into those dismall diches;
Why euen thus dreadfully would they be wrapt,
If the Kings butterd egges, were onely spilt.

Enter Henry.

Hen.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Hen. Lord Chancellor.

Chan. My Lord.

Hen. And Lord *Vidame*.

Exit.

Byr. And not *Byron*? hers a prodigious change.

D'An. He cast no Beame on you.

Byr. Why now you see

From whence their countenances were copped.

Enter the captaine of Byrons guard with a letter.

D'An. See, here comes some newes, I belecue my Lord.

Byr. What saies the honest captaine of my guard?

Cap. I bring a letter from a friend of yours.

Byr. Tis welcome then.

D'An. Haue we yet any friends?

Cap. More then yee would I thinke: I neuer saw,
Men in their right mindes so vnrighteous
In their owne causes.

Byr. See what thou hast brought,
He wills vs to retire our selues my Lord,
And makes as if it were almost to late,
What saies my captaine shall we goe or no?

Cap. I would your daggers point had kist my heart,
when you resolu'd to come.

Byr. I pray thee why?

Cap. Yet doth that fencelesse Apopelxy dull you?
The diuell or your wicked angell blindes you,
Bereauing all your reason of a man
And leaues you but the spirit of a horse,
In your brute nostrills: onely powre to dare.

Byr. Why dost thou thinke, my comming here hath brought
To such an vnreouerable danger? (me

Cap. Iudge by the strange Ostents that haue succeeded,
Since your arriual: the kinde foule, the wild-duck,
That came into your cabinet, so beyond
The sight of all your seruants, or your selfe:
That flew about, and on your shoulder sat
And which you had so fed, and so attended;

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

For that dum loue she shew'd you ; iust as soone,
As you were parted, on the sodaine died.
And to make this no lesse then an Ostent;
An other that hath fortun'd since, confirms it :
Your goodly horse *Pastranz*, which the Arch-Duke,
Gaue you at Bruxels; in the very houre,
You left your strength, fell mad, and kild himselfe;
The like chanc't to the horse the great Duke sent you
And, with both these, the horse the Duke of Loraine,
Sent you at, *Vinsie* made a third presage,
Of some Ineuitable fate that toucht you,
Who like the other pin'd away and died.

Byr. All these together are indeed ostentfull,
Which by an other like, I can confirme:
The matchlesse Earle of *Essex* who some make,
(In their most sure diuinings of my death)
A parralel with me in life and fortune,
Had one horse likewise that the very houre,
He sufferd death (being well the night before)
Died in his pasture. Noble happy beasts,
That die, not hauing to their wills to liue,
They vse no deprecations, nor complaints,
Nor suite for mercy : amongst them the Lion:
Serues not the Lyon, nor the horse the horse,
As man serues man: when men shew most their spirits
In valour and their vtmost dares to doe;
They are compar'd to Lions, Woolues, and Bores,
But by conuersion, None will say a Lyon,
Fights as he had the Spirit of a man.
Let me then in my danger now giue cause,
For all men to begin that *Simile*.
For all my huge ingagement, I prouide me,
This short sword onely; which if I haue time,
To show my apprehendor, he shall vse,
Power of ten Lions if I get not loose.

Enter Henry, Chancellor, Vidame, Ianin, Vitry, Parlin.

Hen.

Hen. What shall we doe with this vnthanful man?
 Would he (of one thing) but reueale the truth,
 Which I haue prooffe off vnderneath his hand,
 He should not taste my Iustice. I would giue,
 Two hundred thousand crownes, that he would yeeld
 But such meanes for my pardon, as he should ;
 I neuer lou d man like him : would haue trusted,
 My Sonne in his protection, and my Realme:
 He hath deseru'd my loue with worthy seruice,
 Yet can he not deny, but I haue thrice,
 Sau'd him from death: I drew him off the foe,
 At *Fountaine Francoise* where he was engag'd,
 So wounded, and so much amazd with blowes,
 That (as I playd the souldier in his rescue)
 I was forc't to play the Marshall,
 To order the retreat, because he said,
 He was not fit to do it nor to serue me.

Cha. Your maiesty hath vsd your vtmost meanes
 Both by your owne perswasions, and his friends,
 To bring him to submission, and confesse
 (With some signe of repentance) his foule fault :
 Yet still he stands prefract and insolent.
 You haue in loue and care of his recovery
 Bin halfe in labour to produce a courie,
 And resolution, that were fit for him.
 And since so amply it concernes your crowne,
 You must by law cut off, what by your grace,
 You cannot bring into the state of safety.

Ian. Begin at th'end my Lord and execute,
 Like *Alexander* with *Parmenio*.
 Princes (you know) are Maisters of their lawes,
 And may resolue them to what forms they please
 So all conclude in iustice; in whose stroke,
 There is one sort of manadage for the Great;
 Another for interiour: the great mother,
 Of all productions (graue necessity)
 Commands the variation: and the profit,
 So certainly fore-seene, commends the example.

BTRONS TRAGEDIE.

Hen. I like not executions so informall,
For which my predeceffors haue bin blam'd:
My Subiects and the world fhall know my powre
And my authority by Lawes vsuall courfe
Dares punish, not the diuelish heads of treason,
But their confederates be they nere so dreadfull.
The decent ceremonies of my lawes,
And their solemnities fhall be obserued,
With all their Sternenes and Seueritie.

Vyt. Where wil your highnes haue him apprehended?

Hen. Not in the Caſtle (as ſome haue aduiſ'd)
But in his chamber.

Prab. Rather in your owne,
Or comming out of it; for tis aſſur'd
That any other place of apprehenſion,
Will make the hard performance, end in blood.

Vit. To ſhun this likely-hood, my Lord tis beſt
To make the apprehenſion neere your chamber;
For all reſpect and reuerence giuen the place,
More then is needfull, to chaſtice the perſon,
And ſaue the opening of too many veines;
Is vaine and dangerous.

Hen. Gather then your guard,
And I will finde fit time to giue the word,
When you ſhall ſeaze on him and *D'Ancre.*

Vt. We wil be ready to the death (my Lord)

Exeunt

Hen. O thou that gouernſt the keene ſwords of Kings,
Direct my arme in this important ſtroke,
Or hold it being aduanc't; the weight of blood,
Euen in the baſeſt ſubieſt, doth exact
Deepe conſultation, in the higheſt King;
For in one ſubieſt, deaths vniult affrights,
Paſſions, and paines (though he be n'ere ſo poore)
Aſke more remorse, then the voluptuous ſpleenes
Of all Kings in the world, deſerue reſpect;
He ſhould be borne grey-headed that will beare
The ſword of Empire; Iudgment of the life,
Free ſtate, and reputation of a man,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

(If it be iust and worthy) dwells so darke
That it denies accessse to Sunne and Moone;
The soules eye sharpned with that sacred light,
Of whom the Sunne it selfe is but a beame,
Must onely giue that iudgment; O how much
Erre those kings then, that play with life and death
And nothing put into their serious States
But humor and their lusts! For which alone
Men long for kingdoms, whose huge counterpose
In cares and dangers, could a foole comprize,
He would not be a King but would be wise;

*Enter Byron talking with the Queene:
Esp. D' Entragues, D' Auer. with another
Lady, others attending.*

Here comes the man, with whose ambitious head
(Cast in the way of *Treason*) we must stay
His full chace of our ruine and our Realme
This houre shall take vpon her shady winge
His latest liberty and life to Hell.

D' Auer. We are vndone?

Queene. Whats that?

Byr. I heard him not.

Hen. Madam y'are honored much, that Duke Byron
Is so obseruant, some to cards with him,
You foure, as now you come, sit to *Primero*,
And I will fight a battayle at the *Chesse*.

Byr. A good safe fight belecue me, other warre
Thirsts bood, and wounds, and his thirst quencht is thanklesse.

Esp. Lift, and then cut.

Byr. Tis right, the end of lifting,
When men are lifted to their highest pitch,
They cut of those that lifted them so high.

Que. Apply you all these sports so seriously?
Byr. They first were from our serious acts deuild,
The best of which, are to the best but sports;
(I meane by best, the greatest) for their ends

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In men that serue them best, are their owne pleasures.

Que. So, in those best mens seruices, their ends,
Are their owne pleasures, passe.

Byr. I vy't.

Hen. I see't;

And wonder at his frontles impudence. *Exit Hen*

Cha. How speedes your Maiesty?

Q. e. Well, the Duke instructs me
With such graue lessons of mortality
Forc't out of our light sport; that if I loose,
I cannot but speede well.

Byr. Some idle talke,
For Court-ship sake, you know does not amisse.

Chan. Would we might heare some of it.

Byr. That you shall,
I cast away a card now, makes me thinke,
Of the deceased worthy King of *Spaine*.

Chan What card was that?

Byr. The King of hearts (my Lord)
Whose name yeelds well the memory of that king
Who was indeede that worthy King of hearts,
And had, both of his subiects hearts, and strangers,
Much more then all the Kings of Christendome.

Chan. He won them with his gold.

Byr. He won them chiefly,
With his so generall Piety and Iustice:
And as the little yet great Macedon,
Was sayd with his humane philosophy,
To teach the rapessull *Hyrcans*, marriage;
And bring the barbarous *Sogdians*, to nourish,
Not kill their aged Parents, as be before,
Th'incettuous *Persians* to reuerence
Their mothers, not vse them as their wiues;
The *Indians* to adore the *Grecian* Gods,
The *Scythians* to inter, not eate their Parents,
So he, with his diuine Philosophy,
(Which I may call his, since he chiefly vs'd it)
In *Turky*, *Indea*, and through all the world,

Expel'd

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Expell'd prophaine idolatry ; and from earth,
Rais'd temples to the highest : whom with the word,
He could not winne, he iustly put to sword.

Chan. He sought for gold, and Empire.

Byr. Twas Religion,

And her full propagation that he sought ;
If gold had beene his end, it had beene hoorded,
When he had fetcht it in so many fleetes :
Which he spent not on *Median* Luxury,
Banquets and women ; *Caldonian* wine,
Nor deare *Hyrcanian* fishes, but employd it,
To propagate his Empire ; and his Empire
Desir'd t'extend so, that hee might withall,
Extend Religion through it, and all Nations,
Reduce to one firme constitution,
Of Piety, Iustice, and one publique weale ;
To which end he made all his matchlesse subiects,
Make tents their Castles, and their Garrisons :
True Catholikes country-men ; and their allies,
Hereticks, strangers, and their enemies.
There was in him the magnanimity.

Mon. To temper your extreame applause (my lord)
Shorten, and answer all things in a word,
The greatest commendation wee can giue
To the remembrance of that King deceast :
Is, that hee spar'd not his owne eldest sonne,
But put him iustly to a violent death,
Because, hee sought to trouble his estates.

Byr. Ist so ?

Chan. That bit (my Lord) vpon my life,
Twas bitterly replied, and doth amaze him.

*The King suddenly enters having
determined what to do.*

Hen. It is resolu'd,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

A worke shall now be done,
Which, (while learned *Atlas* shall with starres bee crown'd,
While th' Ocean walkes in stormes his wauy round,
While Moones at full, repayre their broken rings :
While *Lucifer* fore-shewes *Auroras* springs,
And *Arctos* stickes about the earth vnmoou'd,
Shall make my realme be blest, and me beloued ;
Call in the Count *D' Auvergne*. *En. D' An.*

A word my Lord.

Will you become as wilfull as your friend ?
And draw a mortall iustice on your heads,
That hangs so blacke and is so loth to strike ?
If you would vtter what I know you knowe,
Of his inhumaine treason ; on strong Barre,
Betwixt his will, and duty were dissolu'd.
For then I know he would submit himselfe ;
Thinke you it not as strong a point of faith,
To rectifie your loyalties to me,
As to be trusty in each others wrong ?
Trust that deceiues our selues in treachery,
And Truth that truth conceales and open lye.

D' An. My Lord if I could vtter any thought,
Instructed with disloyalty to you,
And might light any safety to my friend :
Though mine owne heart came after it should out.

Hen. I know you may, and that your faith's affected
To one another, are so vaine and false,
That your owne strengths wil ruine you : ye contend,
To cast vp rampiers to you in the Sea,
And strue to stop the waues that runne before you.

D' An. All this my Lord to me is misery.

Hen. It is, ile make it plaine enough. Beleeue me.
Come my Lord Chancellour let vs end our mate.

Enter Varennes, whispering to Byron.

Var. You are yndone my Lord.

Byr. Is it possible ?

Que.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Que. Play good my Lord : whom looke you for ?

Ess. Your minde,

Is not vpon your Game.

Byr. Play, pray you play.

Hen. Enough, tis late, and time to leaue our play,
On all hands ; all forbear the roome, my Lord ?

Stay you with me ; yet is your will resolued,

To duty and the maine bond of your life ?

I sweare (of all th' Intrusions I haue made,

Vpon your owne good, and continu'd fortunes)

This is the last ; informe me yet the truth,

And here I vowe to you, (by all my loue ;

By all meanes shewne you, euen to this extreame,

When all men else forsake you) you are safe :

What passages haue slipt twixt Count *Fuentes*,

You, and the Duke of *Sanoy* ?

Byr. Good my Lord,

This nayle is driuen already past the head,

You much haue ouer-charg'd, an honest man ;

And I beseech you yeelde my Innocence iustice,

(But with my single valour) gainst them all,

That thus haue poysoned your opinion of me,

And let me take my vengeance by my sword :

For I protest, I neuer thought an Action,

More then my tongue hath vttered.

Hen. Would 'twere true ;

And that your thoughts and deeds, had fell no fouler.

But you disdain submision, not remembring,

That (in intentes vrg'd for the common good)

He that shall hold his peace being charg'd to speake :

Doth al the peace and Nerues of Empire breake

Which on your conscience lye, adieu, good night.

Exit.

Byr. Kings hate to heare, what they command men speake,

As life, and to desert of death yee yeeld :

Where Medicins loath, it yrekes men to be heald.

Enter

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Enter Vitry with two or three of the Guard, Esper. Vidame, following. Vitry laies hand on Byrons sword.

Vyr. Resigne your sword (my Lord) the King commands it.

Byr. Mee to resigne my sword? what King is hee,
Hath vs'd it better for the realme then I?
My sword, that all the warres within the length,
Breadth and the whole dimensions of great *France*,
Hath sheath'd betwixt his hilt and horrid point?
And fixt yee all in such a flourishing Peace?
My sword that neuer enemy could enforce,
Bereft mee by my friends? Now, good my Lord,
Beseech the King, I may resigne my sword,
To his hand onely.

Enter Ianin.

Ian. You must doe your Office,
The King commaunds you.

Vit. Tis in vaine to strue,
For I must force it.

Byr. Haue I ne're a friend,
That beares another for me? all the Guard?
What will you kill mee? will you smother heere
His life that can commaund, and saue in field,
A hundred thousand liues? For man-hood sake;
Lend something to this poore forsaken hand;
For all my seruice, let mee haue the honour
To dye defending of my innocent selfe?
And haue some little space to pray to God.

Enter Henry.

Hen. Come, you are an Atheist *Byron*, and a traytor,
Both foule and damnable; thy innocent selfe?
No Leper is so buried quicke in vlcers
As thy corrupted soule: thou end the warre?

And

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And settle peace in *France*? what war hath rag'd,
 Into whose fury I haue not expos'd,
 My person, which is as free a spirit as thine?
 Thy worthy Father, and thy selfe, combine,
 And arm'd in all the merits or your valors;
 (Your bodies thrust amidst the thickest fights)
 Neuer were bristled with so many battailes.
 Nor on the foe haue broke such woods of launces
 As grew vpon my thigh; and I haue Marshall'd;
 I am asham'd to bragge thus, where
 Enuey and arrogance, their opposit bulwarke raise
 Men are alowd to vse their proper praise,
 Away with him. *Exit Hen.*

Byr. Away with him? liue I?
 And heare my life thus slighted? cursed man,
 That euer the intelligenceing lights
 Betraid me to mens whorish fellowships;
 To Princes Moorish slauieries, to be made
 The anuill, on which onely blowes, and wounds
 Were made the seed, and wombs of others honors
 Properties for a tyrant to set vp,
 And puffed downe, with the vapour of his breath,
 Will you not kill me?

Vit. No, we will not hurt you,
 We are commanded onely to conduct you
 Into your lodging.

Byr. To my lodging? where?

Vit. Within the cabinet of armes my Lord.

Byr. What to a prison? Death, I will not go.

Vit. We'll force you then.

Byr. And take away my sword;

A proper poynt of force, ye had as good,
 Haue rob'd me of my soule, slaues of my starrs,
 Partiall and bloudy; O that in mine eyes
 Were all the Sorcerous poyson of my woes.
 That I might witch ye headlong from your hight,
 So, trample out your execrable light.

Vit. Come wil you go my Lord, this rage is vain.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Byr. And so is all your graue authority;
And that all *France* shall seele before I dye;
Ye se all how they vse good Catholiques.

Esp. Farwell for euer; so haue I discern'd
An exhallation that would be a Starre
Fall when the Sunne forsooke it, in a sincke.
Shooes euer ouerthrow that are too large
And hugest cannons, burst with overcharge.

Enter D' Auergne, Pralin, folowing with a Guard.

Pra. My Lord I haue commandment from the King,
To charge you go with me, and aske your sword.

D' Au. My sword, who feares it? it was n'ere the death
Of any but wilde Bores. I prithee take it;
Hadst thou aduertis'd this when last we met,
I had bin in my bed, and fast asleepe
Two houres ago; lead, ile go where thou wilt.

Exit.

Vid. See how he beares his crosse, with his small strength,
On easier shoulders then the other *Atlas*.

Esp. Strength to aspire, is still accompanied
With weaknesse to endure, all popular gifts
Are collours, it will beare no vinegar;
And rather to aduise affaires betray;
Thine arme against them: his state still is best
As hath most inward worth, and that's best tryed,
As neither glories, nor is glorified.

Exeunt.

ACTVS 5. SCÆNA. 1.

Henry, Soissons, Ianin. D'escures, cum alijs.

Hen. What sha'll we (thinke my Lord) of these new forces,
Which (from the King of *Spaine*) hath past the *Alpes*,
For which (I thinke) his Lord Ambassador,
I^s come to Court, to get their passe for *Flanders*.

Ian. I thinke (my Lord) they haue no end for *Flanders*,
Count *Maurice* being already entred *Brrbant*
To passe to *Flanders*, to relieue *Ostend*,

And

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And the Arch-duke full prepar'd to hinder him;
For sure it is that they must measure forces,
Which (ere this new force could haue past the *Alps*)
Of force must be incountred.

Soiss. It is vnlikely,
That their march hath so large an ayme at *Flanders*.

Desc. As these times sort, they may haue
Shorter reaches, that would pierce further.

Hen. I haue bin aduertis'd,
How Count *Fuentes* (by whose meanes this army
Was leauied, and whose hand was strong,
In thrusting on *Byrons* conspiracy)
Hath caus'd these cunning forces to aduance,
With coulor onely to set downe in *Flanders*;
But hath intentionall respect to fauour
And countnance his false Partizians in *Bresse*,
And friends in *Burgondie*, to giue them heart
For the full taking of their hearts from me;
Be as it will, we shall preuent their worst,
And therefore call in *Spaines* Ambassador.

Enter Ambassador with others.
What would the Lord Ambassador of *Spaine*.

Am. First (in my maisters name) I would beseech,
Your highnesse hearty thought, that his true haud,
(Held in your vowd amities) hath not toucht,
At any leatt poynt in *Byrons* offence;
Nor once had notice of a crime so foule:
Whereof, since he doubts not, you stand resolu'd,
He prayes your leagues continuance in this fauor;
That the army he hath raisde to march for *Flanders*,
May haue safe passage by your frontier townes,
And finde the Riuer free, that runs by *Rhesne*.

Hen. My Lord my frontiers shal not be disarm'd,
Vntill, by araignment of the Duke of *Byron*,
My scruiples are resolu'd: and I may know
In what account to hold your maisters faith,
For his obseruance of the League betwixt vs;
You with me to belecue that he is cleare

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

From all the proiects caus'd by Count *Fuentes*,
 His speciall agent, but where, dedes pull downe,
 Words may repaire, no faith; I scarce can thinke
 Thar his gold was so bounteously imployd,
 Without his speciall counsaile, and command:
 These faint proceedings in our royall faiths,
 Make subiects proue so faithlesse; if because,
 We sit about the danger of the lawes,
 We likewise lift our armes about their iustice;
 And that our heavenly Soueraigne, bounds not vs
 In those religious confines, out of which
 Our iustice and our true lawes are inform'd;
 In vaine haue we expectance that our subiects,
 Should not as well presume to offend their Earthly,
 As we our Heauenly Soueraigne? and this breach
 Made in the Forts of all Society;
 Of all celestiall, and humane respects,
 Makes no strengths of our bounities counsailes, armes,
 Hold out against their creations, and the rapes
 Made of humanity, and religion,
 In all mens more then *Pagan* liberties,
 Atheismes, and slaues will deriue their springs
 From their base presidents, copied out of kings.
 But all this shall not make me breake the commerce,
 Athorise by our treaties, let your army
 Haue the directest passe, it shall go safe.

Am. So rest your highnesse euer, and assurde
 That my true Soueraigne, hates al opposite thoughts.

Hes. Are our dispatches made to all the kings,
 Princes, and Potentates of Christendome?
 Ambassadours, and Province Gouvernors,
 To enforme the truth of this conspiracie?

Ian. They al are made my Lord, and some giue out
 How 'tis a blow giuen to religion,
 To weaken it, in ruining of him,
 That said, he neuer wisht mote glorious title,
 Then to be cal'd the scourge of *Hugenots*.

Soiss. Others that are like fauourers of the fault,
 Said 'tis a politique aduise from *England*,

To

To breake the sacred Iauelins both together.

Hen. Such shut their eyes to truth, we can but set
His lights before them, and his trumpet sound
Close to their eares, their partiall wilfullnesse,
In resting blinde, and deafe, or in peruerting,
What their most certaine senses apprehend,
Shall naught discomfort our imperiall Iustice,
Nor clere the desperate fault that doth enforce it. *Enter Vyt.*

Vyt. The Peeres of *France* my Lord, refuse t'appeare,
At the arraignment of the Duke of *Byron*

Hen. The Court may yet proceed, and so command
It is not their slacknesse to appeare shall serue,
To let my will t'appeare in any fact,
Wherein the boldest of them, tempts my iustice.
I am resolu'd, and will no more indure,
To haue my subiects make what I command,
The subiect of their oppositions,
Who euermore make fliecke their allegiance,
As kings forbear their pennance, how sustaine
Your prisoners their strange durance?

Vyt. One of them,
(Which is the Count *D'Auergne*) hath many spirits
Eates well, and sleepes: and neuer can imagine,
That any place where he is, is a prison;
Where on the other part, the Duke *Byron*,
Enterd his prison, as into his graue,
Reiects all food, sleepes not, nor once lyes downe:
Fury hath arm'd his thoughts so thick with thornes,
That rest can haue no entry, he disdaines
To grace the prison with the slenderest shew
Of any patience, least men should conceiue,
He thought his sufferance in the best sort fit;
And holds his bands so worthlesse of his worth,
As he empaires it, to vouchsafe to them,
The best part of the peace, that freedome owes it:
So patience therein, is a willing slavery,
And (like the Cammell) stoopes to take the load:
So still he walkes, or rather as a Bryde,

BYRON'S TRAGEDIE.

Enter d a Closet which vnawares is made,
His desperate prison (being persude) amazd,
And wrathfull beats his breast from wall to wall,
Assaults the light, strikes downe himselfe, nor out,
And being taken, struggles, gaspes, and bites,
Takes all his takers strokings, to be strokes,
Abhorreth food, and with a sauadge will,
Frets, pines, and dies, for former liberty.
So fares the wrathfull Duke, and when the streng th
Of these dumber rages, breake out into sounds,
He breaths defiance to the world, and bids vs,
Make our selues drunke, with the remaining bloud
Of siue and thirty wounds receiud in fight,
For vs and ours, for we shall neuer brag,
That we haue made his spirits check at death:
This rage in walkes and words, but in his lookes
He coments all, and prints a world of bookes.

Hen. Let others learne by him to curb their spleenes,
Before they be curb'd; and to cease their grudges:
Now I am settled in my Sunne of hight,
The circular splendour, and full Sphere of State.
Take all place vp from enuie, as the sunne,
At hight, and passie ore the crownes of men,
His beames diffus'd, and downe-right poud on them,
Cast but a little or no shade at all,
So he that is aduanc'd aboue the heads,
Of all his Emulators, with high light,
Preuents their enuies, and deprives them quite. *Exe.*

*Enter the Chancellor, Harlay, Potiers, Fleury,
in scarlet gownes, Laffin, Descures, with
other officers of state.*

Chan. I wonder at the prisoners so long stay.

Har. I thiuke it may be made a question,
If his impatience will let him come.

Pot. Yes, he is now wel stayd, time, and his iudgment
Haue cast his passion and his feuer off.

Flew.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Fien. His feuer may be past but for his passions,
I feare me we shall finde it spic'd to hotly,
With his old poulder.

Desc. He is sure come forth:
The Carosse of the Marquis of *Rhosny*
Conducted him along to th Arcenall,
Close to the Riuer-side, and there I saw him,
Enter a barge couered with tapistry,
In which the kings gards waited and receiurd him
Stand by there cleere the place.

Chan. The prisoner comes,
Me Lord *Laffin* forbear your sight a while,
It may incense the prisoner, who wil know,
By your attendance nere vs, that your hand,
Was chiefe in his discouery, which as yet,
I thinke he doth not doubtr.

Laf. I wil forbear,
Vntil your good pleasures cal me. *Exit Laf.*

Har. when he knowes
And soes *Laffin*, accuse tim to his face,
The Court I thinke wil shake with his distemper.

Enter Vitry, Byron, with others and a guard.

Vit. You see my Lord, tis in the golden chamber

Byr. The golden chamber? where the great'st Kings
Haue thought them honour'd to receiue aplace:
And I haue had it; am I come to stand
In ranke and habite here of men arignd,
Where I haue sat assistant, and bin honord,
With glorious title of the chiefeest vertuous,
Where the Kings chiefe Solicitor hath said,
There was in France, no man that euer liu'd,
Whose parts were worth my imitation;
That, but mine owne worth; I could imitate none:
And that I made my selfe inimitable,
To all that could come after whome this Court
Hath seene to sit vpon the Flower de Luice

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

In recompence of my renowned seruice:
Must I be sat on now, by petty Iudges?
These Scarlet robes, that come to fit and fight
Against my life; dismay my valour more,
Then all the bloody Cassocks *Spaine* hath brought
To field against it.

Vit. To the Barre my Lord.

*Hee salutes, and
stands to the Bar.*

Har. Read the Inditement.

Chan. Stay, I will inuert
(For shortnesse sake) the forme of our proceedings,
And out of all the points, the proc. she holds,
Collect five principall, with which we charge you.

1. First you conferrd with one, call'd *Picote*,
At *Orleanse* borne, and into *Flanders* fled,
To hold intelligence by him with the Archduke,
And for two voyages to that effect,
Bestowd on him, five hundred, fifty Crownes.

2. Next you held treaty with the Duke of *Sanoy*,
Without the King's permission; offering him
All seruice and assistance 'gainst all men,
In hope to haue in marriage, his third Daughter.

3. Thirdly you held intelligence with the Duke,
At taking in of *Bourge*, and other Forts;
Aduising him, with all your preiudice,
Gainst the King army, and his Royall Person.

4. Fourthly, that you would haue brought the King
Before Saint *Katherines* Fort, to be there slaine;
And to that end writ to the Gouvernour,
In which you gaue him notes to know his Highnesse.

5. Fifthly, you sent *Laffin* to treat with *Sanoy*,
And with the Count *Fuentes*, of more plots,
Touching the ruine of the King and Realme.

Byr. All this (my Lord) I answere and deny;
And first for *Picote*; hee was my Prisoner,
And therefore I might well conferre with him:
But that our conference tended to the Arch-duke,
Is nothing so, I onely did employ him
To Captaine *La Fortune*, for the reduction

Of *Seuerre*, to the seruice of the King.
 Who vsd such such speedy diligence therein,
 That shortly 'twas assur'd his Maiesty.
 Next, for my treaty with the Duke of *Sauoy*,
Roncas his Secretary, hauing made
 A motion to me, for the Dukes third daughter,
 I told it to the King, who hauing since,
 Giuen me the vnderstanding by *La Force*
 Of his dislike; I neuer dreamd of it.
 Thirdly, for my intelligence with the Duke,
 Aduising him against his Highnesse army:
 Had this bin true, I had not vndertaken
 Th'assault of *Bourg*, against the Kings opinion,
 Hauing assistance but by them about me,
 And (hauing wunne it from him) had not bin
 Put out of such a gouernment so easily.
 Fourthly for my aduice to kill the King;
 I would beseech his highnesse memory,
 Not to let slip, that I alone cōswaded
 His viewing of that Fort, informing him,
 It had good marke-men, and he could not go,
 But in exceeding danger, which aduice
 Diuerted him: the rather, since I said,
 That if he had desire to see the place
 He should receiue from me a plot of it;
 Offering to take it with fīue hundred men,
 And I my selfe would go to the assault.
 And lastly for intelligences held,
 With *Saroy* and *Fuentes*, I confesse,
 That being denyed to keepe the Cytadell,
 Which with incredible perill I had got,
 And seeing another honoid with my spoyles,
 I grew so desperate that I found my spirit,
 Enrag'd to any act, and wisht my selfe,
 Couer'd with blood.

Cha. With whose blood?

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Byr. With mine owne;
Wishing to liue no longer, being denyed,
With such suspicion of me, and set will,
To racke my furious humor into bloud.
And for 2 moneths space, I did speake, and wright,
More then I ought, but haue done euer well,
And therefore your enformers haue bin false.
And (with intent to tyranize) suborned.

Flu. What if our witnesles come face to face,
And I iustifie much more then we alleadge?

Byr. They must be hirelings, and men corrupted.

Pot. What thinke you of *Lassin*?

Byr. I hold *Lassin*,
An honor'd Gentleman, my friend and kinsman.

Hur. If he then aggrauate, what we affirme;
With greater accusations to your face,
What will you then say?

Byr. It cannot be.

Chan. Call in my Lord *Lassin*.

Byr. Is he so nere? and kept so close from me?
Can all the world make him a traitor?

Enter Lassin.

Chan. I suppose my Lord,
You haue not stood within, without the eare
Of what hath here bin vrgd against the Duke;
If you haue heard it, and vpon your knowledge
Can witnesse all is true, vpon your soule;
vtter your knowledge.

Laf. I haue heard my Lord,
All that hath past here, and vpon my soule,
(Being chargd so vrgently in such a Court)
Vpon my knowledge I affirme all true;
And so much more: as had the prisoner liues
As many as his yeares, would make all forsaite,

Byr.

Byr. O al ye ver'eous powres in earth and heau'n
 That haue not put on hellish flesh and bloud,
 From whence these monstrous issues are produc'd
 That cannot beare in execrable concord,
 And one prodigious subiect; contrayes,
 Nor (as the Ile that of the world admird)
 Is seuerd from the world, can cut your selues
 From the consent and sacred harmony
 Of life, yet liue, of honor, yet be honor'd;
 As this extrauagant, and errant rogue,
 From all your faire *Decorum*s, and iust lawes,
 Findes powre to do, and like a loathsome wen,
 Sticks to the face of nature, and this Court;
 Thicken this ayre, and turne your plaguy rage,
 Into a shape as dismall as his sinne.
 And with some equall horror teare him off
 From sight and memory, let not such a court,
 To whose fame all the Kings of Christendome,
 Now layd their cares, so cracke her royall *Trumpet*
 As to sound through it, that here wanted iustice
 Was got in such an incest, is it iustice
 To tempt, and witch a man, to breake the law,
 And by that witch condemne him? let me draw
 Poyson into me with this cursed ayre,
 If he bewitcht me, and transformd me not;
 He bit me by the eare, and made me drinke
 Enchanted waters, let me see an image
 That ytterd these distinct words: *Thou shalt dye,*
O wicked King, and if the Diuell gaue him
 Such powre vpon an Image; vpon me
 How might he tyrannize? that by his vowes
 And oaths so *Stygean*, had my Nerues and will,
 In more awe then his owne: what man is he
 Which is so high, but he would higher be?
 So roundly sighted, but he may be found,
 To haue a blinde side, which by craft, persude,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Confederacy, and simple trusted reason,
 May wrest him past his Angell, and his reason?
Cha. Witchcraft can neuer taint an honest minde.
Har. True gold, will any triall stand, vntoucht.
Por. For colours that wil staine when th'are tried,
 The cloth it selfe is euer cast aside.

Byr. Sometimes, the very Glosse in any thing,
 Will see me a staine, the fault not in the light,
 Not in the guilty obiect, but our sight.
 My glosse, raisd from the richnesse of my stufte,
 Had too much splendor for the Owly eye,
 Of politique and thanklesse royalty:
 I did deserue too much; a pluresie
 Of that blood in me is the cause I dye.
 Vertue in great men must be small and sleight.
 For poore starres rule, where she is exquesite,
 It is tyrannous and impious policy,
 To put to death by fraud and trechery,
 Sleight is then royall, when it makes men liue,
 And if it vrge faults, vrgeth to forgieue.
 He must be guiltlesse, that condemnes the guilty,
 Like things, do nourish like, and not destroy them:
 Mindes must be sound, that iudg afaires of weight
 And seeing hands, cut corosiuues from your sight.
 A Lord intelligencer? hang-man like,
 Thrust him from humane felowship, to the deserts
 Blow him with curses, shall your iustice call
 Treachery her Father? would you wish her weigh
 My valor with the hisse of such a viper?
 What haue I done to shun the mortall shame
 Of so vniust an opposition;
 Mine enuious starres cannot deny me this,
 That I may make my Iudges witness;
 And that my wretched fortunes haue referu'd
 For my last comfort; yee all know (my Lords)
 This body gasht with fiew and thirty wounds,

Whose

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Whose life and death you haue in your award,
 Holds not a veine that hath not opened beene,
 And which I would not open yet againe,
 For you and yours; this hand that writ the lines
 Alledg'd against me; hath enacted still,
 More good then there it onely talkt of ill,
 I must confesse my choller hath transferr'd
 My tender spleene to all intemperate speech;
 But reason euer did my deedes attend,
 In worth of prayse, and imitation,
 Had I borne any will to let them loose,
 I could haue flecth them with bad seruices,
 In *England* lately, and in *Switzerland*:
 There are a hundred Gentlemen by name,
 Can witnesse my demeanure in the first;
 And in the last Ambassage I adiure
 No other testimonies then the Seigneurs
De Vie, and *Sillery*; who amply know,
 In what sort, and with what fidelity
 I bore my selfe; to reconcile and knit,
 In one desire so many wills dis-joynde,
 And from the Kings allegiance quite with-drawne,
 My acts askt many men, though done by one;
 And I were but one, I stood for thousands,
 And still I hold my worth, though not my place:
 Nor sleight me, Iudges, though I be but one,
 One man, in one sole expedition,
 Reduc'd into th' Imperiall power of *Rome*,
Armenio, *Pontus*, *Arabia*, *Syria*, *Albania*, and *Iberia*,
 Conquer'd th' *Hyrcanians*; and to *Caucasus*,
 His arme extended; the *Numidians*
 And *Affricke* to the shores Meridionall,
 His power subiected: and that part of *Spaine*
 Which stood from those parts that *Sertorius* rulde,
 Euen to the *Atlantique* Sea he Conquered.
 Th' *Albanian* Kings, he from the kingdoms chac'd,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

And at the *Caspian* Sea, their dwellings plac'd :
 Of all the earths Globe, by power and his aduice,
 The round-ey'd Ocean saw him victor thrice:
 And what shall let me (but your cruell doome,)
 To adde as much to *France*, as he to *Rome*,
 And to leaue Iustice neither Sword nor Word,
 To vse against my life; this Senate knowes,
 That what with one victorious hand I tooke,
 I gaue to all your vses, with another ;
 With this I tooke, and propt the falling Kingdome,
 And gauc it to the King : I haue kept
 Your Lawes of state from fire; and you your selues,
 Fixt in this high Tribunall; from whose height
 The vengefull Saturnalls of the League
 Had hurld yee head-long; do yee then returne
 This retribution? can the cruell King,
 The Kingdome, Lawes and you, (all sau'd by me)
 Destroy their sauor? what (aye me) I did
 Aduerse to this, this damn'd Enchanter did,
 That tooke into his will, my motion;
 And being bank-route both of wealth and worth,
 Pursued with quarrels, and with suites in Law,
 Feard by the Kingdome, threatned by the King;
 Would rayse the loathed dung-hill of his ruines,
 Vppon the monumentall heape of mine :
 Torne with possessed Whirle-winds may he dye,
 And dogs barke at his murderous memory.

Cha. My Lord, our liberal sufferance of your speech,
 Hath made it late; and for this Session,
 We will dismiss you; take him back my Lord. *Exit Vit. &*

Har. You likewise may depart. *Exit Laffin. Byron.*

Cha. What resteth now
 To be decreed gainst this great Prisoner?
 A mighty meritt, and a monstrous crime,
 Are here concurrent, what by witnesses:
 His letters and instructions, wee haue prou'd

Himselfe

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Himselfe confesseth, and excuseth all
 With Witch-craft, and the onely act of thought.
 For VVitch-craft I esteeme it a meere strength
 Of rage in him conceiu'd 'gainst his accuser;
 Who being examin'd hath denied it all;
 Suppose it true, it made him false; but wills
 And worthy minds, witch-craft can neuer force:
 And for his thoughts that brake not into deeds;
 Time was the cause, not will; the mindes free act
 In treason still is Iudg'd as th'outward fact:
 If his deserts haue had a wealthy share,
 In sauing of our Land from ciuill furies:
Manlius had so that safe the Capitoll;
 Yet for his after Traytrous factions,
 They threw him head-long from the place hee sau'd:
 My definite sentence then, doth this import:
 That we must quench the wilde-fire with his blood,
 In which it was so traitrouly inflam'd;
 Vnlesse with it, we seeke to incence the Land,
 The King can haue no refuge for his life,
 If his be quitted; this was it that made
Lewis threleuenth renounce his Country-men,
 And call the valiant *Scots* out of their Kingdome,
 To vse their greater vertues, and their faiths,
 Then his owne subiects, in his Royall garde:
 What then conclude your Censures?

Omnes. Hee must dye.

Cha. Draw then his sentence, formally, and send him;
 And so all treasons in his death attend him. *Exeunt.*

Enter Byron, Espernon, Soisson, Iannu,

Vidame, D'escures.

Vit. Iioy you had so good a day my Lord.

Byr. I won it from them all: the Chancellor
 I answer'd to his vttermost improouements:
 I moou'd my other Iudges to lament
 My insolent misfortunes; and to lothe

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

The pockie foule, and state-bawde, my accuser,
 I made reply to all that could be said,
 So eloquently, and with such a charme,
 Of graue enforcements, that me thought I sat,
 Like *Orpheus* casting reignes on sauage beasts;
 At the armes end (as twere) I tooke my barre
 And set it farre aboute the high tribunall,
 Where like a Cedar on Mount Lebanon,
 I grew, and made iudges shew like Box-trees:
 And Box-trees right, their wishes would haue made them,
 Whence Boxes should haue growne, till they had strooke
 My head into the budget; but alas,
 I held their bloody armes, with such strong reasons;
 And (by your leaue) with such a tyrcke of wit:
 That I fetcht blood vppon the Chancelors cheekes,
 Me thinkes I see his countenance as he sat;
 And the most Lawyerly deliury *Enter Soisson. Esper.*
 Of his set speeches; shall I play his part?

Esp. For Heauens sake, good my Lord!

Byr. I will yfaith,

Behold a wicked man: a man debaucht,
 A man contesting with his King; a man,
 On whom (my Lords) we are not to conniue,
 Though we may condole: a man,
 That *Lasa Maiestate* sought a lease,
 Of *Plus quam satis*; a man that *vi et armis*,
 Assail'd the King; and would *per fas et nefas*,
 Aspire the Kingdome: here was Lawyers learning.

Esp. He said not this my Lord, that I haue heard.

Byr. This or the like, I sweare, I pen no speeches.

Soi. Then there is good hope of your wisht acquital.

Byr. Acquittal? they haue reason; were I dead

I know they cannot all supply my place;
 If possible the King should be so vaine,
 To thinke he can shake me with feare of death?
 Or make me apprehend that he intends it?
 Thinkes he to make his firmeest men, his clouds?

The

The clouds (observing their *Aerial* natures)
Are borne aloft, and then to moisture hang'd,
Fall to the earth; where being made thick, and cold,
They loose both all their heate and leauity;
Yet then againe recouering heate and lightnesse,
Again they are aduanc't, and by the Sunne
Made fresh and glorious; and since clouds are rapt
With these vncertainties, now vp, now downe,
Am I to flit so with his smile, or frowne?

Esp. I wish your comforts, and incouragments,
May spring out of your safety, but I heare
The King hath reasond so against your life,
And made your most friends yeeld so to his reasons,
That your estate is fearefull.

Byr. Yeeld t'his reasons?
O how friends reasons, and their freedomes stretch,
When powre sets his wide tentures to their sides!
How like a cure, by mere opinion,
It workes vpon our bloud? like th'ancieut Gods
Are *Moderne* Kings, that liud past bounds themselues,
Yet set a measure downe to wretched men:
By many Sophismes, they made good, deceit;
And, since they past in powre, surpast, in right:
When kings wills passe, the starres winck, and the Sun,
Suffer eclips, rude thunder yeelds to them
His horrid wings, sets smooth as glasse engazd,
And lightning sticks twixt heauen and earth amazd,
Mens faiths are shaken, and the pit of truth
O'reflowes with darknesse, in which Iustice sits,
And keepes her vengeance tied to make it fierce,
And when it comes, th'increased horrors shew,
Heauens plague is sure, though full of state, and slow.

Sist. O my deare Lord and brother, *Within.*
O the Duke.

Byr. What sounds are these my Lord? hark, hark,
Me thinkes I heare the cries of people.

Esp. Tis for one,

Q

Wounded

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Wounded in fight here at Saint *Antonies* Gate:

Byr. Sfoot, one cried the Duke, I pray harken,
Again, or burst you selfe with silence, no:
What countryman's the common headsmen here?

Soiff. He's a Burgonian.

Byr. The great diuell he is,
The bitter wilard told me a Burganian,
Should be my headsmen, strange concurrences:
S death whose here? *Enter 4 Vshers bare, Chan. Har.*
O then I am but dead. *Pot Fleur. Pralin, with others.*

Now, now ye come al to pronounce my sentence:
I am condemn'd vniustly, tell my kinsfolkes,
I dy an innocent:

If any friend pittie the ruine of the States, sustainer,
Proclaime my innocence; ah Lord Chancellor,
Is there no pardon? will there come no mercy?
I, put your hat on, and let me stand bare,
Shew your selfe a right Lawier.

Chan. I am bare,
What would you haue me do?

Byr. You haue not done,
Like a good Iustice, and one that knew
He sat vpon the pretious bloud of vertue;
Y'auc pleas'd the cruell King, and haue not borne,
As great regard to saue as to condemne;
You haue condemn'd me, my Lord Chancellor,
But God acquits me; he will open lay
Al your close treasons against him, ro collour
Treasons layd to his truest images;
And you my Lord shall answere this iniustice,
Before his iudgment seat, to which I summon
In one yeere and a day, your hot apparance
I go before, by mens corrupted domes,
But they that caus'd my death, shal after come
By the immaculate iustice of the highest.

Chan. Well, good my Lord, commend your soule to him,
And to his mercy, think of that, I pray.

Byr.

Byr. Sir, I haue thought of it, and euery howre,
 Since my affliction, askt on naked knees
 Patience to beare your vnbeleeu'd Iniustice:
 But you, nor none of you haue thought of him,
 In my euiction, y^e are come to your benches,
 With p^{ro}tted iudgments, your linckt eares so loud,
 Sing with preiudicate windes, that nought is heard,
 Of all, poore prisoners vrge gainst your award.

Har. Passion, my Lord, transports your bitternes,
 Beyond all colour, and your propper iudgment:
 No man hath knowne your merites more then I;
 And would to God your great mildedes had bin,
 As much vndone, as they haue bin conceald;
 The cries of them for iustice (in desert)
 Haue bin so loud and persing; that they deafned
 The eares of mercy, and haue labourd more,
 Your Iudges to compresse then to enforce them.

Por. We bring you here your sentence, wil you read it.

B. For heauens sake shame to vse me with such rigor;
 I know what it imports, and wil not haue,
 Mine eare blow into flames with hearing it;
 Haue you bin one of them that haue condemn'd me?

Fle. My Lord I am your Orator, God comfort you.

Byr. Good Sir, my father lou'd you so entirely,
 That if you haue bin one, my soule forgiues you;
 It is the King (most childish that he is)
 That takes what he hath giuen, and iniures me:
 He gaue grace in the first draught of my fault,
 And now restraines it, grace again I aske;
 Let him again vouch safe it, send to him,
 A post will soone returne, the Queene of England,
 Told me that if the wilfull Earle of *Essex*,
 Had vsd submission, and but askt her mercy,
 She would haue giuen it past reiumption;
 She like a gracious Princeesse did desire,
 To pardon him euen as she prayd to God,

He would let downe a pardon vnto her ;

He yet was guilty, I am innocent :

He still refusd grace, I importune it.

Cha. This askt in time (my Lord) while he besought it

And ere he had made his seuerity knowne,

Had (with much ioy to him) i know bin granted.

Byr. No, no, his bounty, then was misery,
To offer when he knew t'would be refuse;

He treads the vulgar path of all aduantage,

And loues men, for their vices, not for their vertues;

My seruice would haue quickn'd gratitude,

In his owne death, had he bin truely royall,

It would haue stir'd the image of a King,

Into perpetuall motion ; to hzue stood

Nere the conspiracy restrain'd at *Mantes*,

And in a danger, that had then the Woolfe,

To flie vpon his bosome, had I onely held

Intelligence with the conspirators,

Who stucke at no check but my loyalty,

Nor kept life in their hopes, but in my death;

The sledge of *Amiens*, would haue softned rocks,

Where couer'd all in showres of shot and fire,

I seem'd to all mens eyes a fighting flame

With bullets cut, in fashion of a man;

A sacrifice to valour (impious King)

Which he will needes extinguish with my bloud;

Let him beware Justice will fall from heauen,

In the same forme I serued in that sledge,

And by the light of that, he shall discerne,

What good my ill hath brought him, it wil nothing,

Affure his State, the same quench he hath cast

Vpon my life, shal quite put out his fame;

This day he looseth, what he shal not finde,

By all dayes he suruiues, so good a seruant,

Nor *Spaine* so great a foe, with whom, alas,

Because I treated am I put to death?

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Tis put a politique glose : my courage rais'd me,
For the deare price of five and thirty skartes,
And that hath ruin'd me, I thanke my Starres :
Come ile go where yee will, yee shall not lead me.

Chan. I feare his frenzie,
Neuer saw I man of such a spirit so amaz'd at death.

Har. He alters euery minute : what a vapor?
The strongest mind is to a storme of crosses. *Exeunt.*

Manent Esper. Soisson, Lanin, Vidame, D'escures.

Esp. Oh of what contraries consists a man!
Of what impossible mixtures? vice and vertue,
Corruption and eternnesse, at one time,
And in one subiect, let together, loose?
We haue not any strength but weakens vs,
No greatnesse but doth crush vs into ayre.
Our knowledges, do light vs but to erre,
Our Ornaments are burthens : Our delights
Are our tormentors, fiends that (rais'd in feares)
As parting shake our Roofes about our eares.

Sou. O vertue, thou art now far worse then Fortune:
Her gifts stucke by the Duke, when thine are vanisht,
Thou brau'st thy friend in Neede : Necessity,
That vs'd to keepe thy wealth, contempt, thy loue,
Haue both abandon'd thee in his extreames,
Thy powers are shadowes, and thy comfort, dreames.

Vid. Oh reall goodnesse if thou be a power!
And not a word alone, in humane vses,
Appeare out of this angry conflagration,
Where this great Captaine (the late Temple) burnes,
And turne his vitious fury to thy flame,
From all earths hopes meere guided with thy fame :
Let piety enter with her willing crosse,
And take him on it; ope his brest and armes,
To all the Stormes, Necessity can breath,

And burst them all with his embraced death.

Ian. Yet are the ciuill tumults of his spirits,
Hot and out-rageous; not resolved, alas,
(Being but one man) render the kingdomes dome;
He doubts, storms, threatens, rues, complains, implores
Griefe hath brought all his forces to his lookes,
And nought is left to strengthen him within,
Nor lasts one habite of those grieu'd aspects:
Blood expells paleness, palenes blood doth chase,
And sorrow erres through all formes in his face.

Des. So furious is he, that the Politique Law,
Is much to seeke, how to enact her sentence:
Authority backt with armes, (though he vnarm'd)
Abhorres his fury, and with doubtfull eyes,
Viewes on what ground it should sustaine his ruines,
And as a Sauadge Bore that (hunted long,
Assail'd and set vp) with his onely eyes,
Swimming in fire keeps off the baying hounds,
Though suncke himselfe, yet holds his anger vp,
And shoves it forth in foame, holds firme his stand,
Of Battalious *Bristles*: feeds his hate to die,
And whets his tuskes with wrathfull Maiesty:
So fares the furious Duke, and with his lookes,
Doth teach death horrors; makes the hangman learne
New habites for his bloody impudence;
Which now habituall horror from him driues,
Who for his life shuns death, by which he liues.

Enter Chancellor, Harlay, Potier, Fleury, Vitry.

Vit. Will not your Lordship haue the Duke distinguished
From other prisoners? where the order is,
To giue vp men condemn'd into the hands
Of th'Executioner; he would be the death,

Of him that he should dye by, ere he suffer'd,
Such an abiection.

Chan. But to bind his hands,
I hold it passing needfull.

Har. Tis my Lord,
And very dangerous to bring him loose.

Pra. You will in all dispaire and fury plunge him,
If you but offer it.

Por. My Lord by this,
The Prisoners spirit is something pacified,
And tis a feare that th'offer of those bands,
Would breed fresh furies in him, and disturbe,
The entry of his soule into her peace.

Chan. I would not that, for any possible danger,
That can be wrought, by his vnarmed hands,
And therefore in his owne forme bring him in.

*Enter Byron a Bishop or two, with all the guards,
Souldiers with Muskets.*

Byr. Where shall this weight fall? on what region,
Must this declining prominent poure his load?
He breake my bloods high billows 'gainst my starres,
Before this hill be shooke into a flat,
All *France* shal feele an earthquake, with what murmur,
This world shrinkes into Chaos?

Arch. Good my Lord,
Forgoe it willing'y; and now resigne,
Your sensuall powers entirely to your soule.

Byr. Horror of death, let me alone in peace,
And leaue my soule to me, whom it concerne;
You haue no charge of it: I feele her free,
How she doth rowze, and like a Faulcon stretch
Her sinuer wings; as threatning death, with death;
At whom I ioyfully will cast her off:
I know this body but a sinke of folly,

The ground worke, and rais'd frame of woe and frailty;
 The bond and bundle of corruption;
 A quicke corse, onely sensible of grieve,
 A walking sepulcher, or house-hold thiefe:
 A glasse of ayre, broken with lesse then breath,
 A slaue bound face to face, to death, till death:
 And what sayd all you more? I know, besides
 That life is but a darke and stormy night,
 Of sencelesse dreames, terrors and broken sleepes;
 A tyranny deuising paines to plague
 And make man long in dying, rackes his death;
 And death is nothing, what can you say more?
 I bring a long Globe, and a little earth,
 Am seated like earth betwixt both the heauens:
 That if I rise; to heauen I rise; if fall
 I likewise fall to heauen; what stronger faith,
 Hath any of your soules? what say you more?
 Why lose I time in these things? talke of knowledge,
 It serues for inward vse. I will not die
 Like to a Clergy man; but like the Captaine,
 That pray'd on horse-back and with sword in hand,
 Threatned the Sunne, commaunding it to stand;
 These are but ropes of sand.

Chan. Desire you then,
 To speake with any man?

Byr. I would speake with *La Force* and *St. Blancart*
 Do they flye me?

Where is *Preuost*, Controuler of my house?

Pra. Gone to his house itt 'country three daies since.

Byr. He should haue staid here, he keepes all my blanks;
 Oh all the world forsakes me! wretched world,
 Consisting most of parts, that flie each other:
 A firmnesse breedag all inconstancy,
 A bond of all dis-iunction; like a man
 Long buried, is a man that long hath lur'd;
 Touch him, he falls to ashes; for one fault,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

I forfeite all the fashion of a man;
 Why should I keepe my soule in this darke light?
 Whose black beames lighted me to loose my selfe.
 When I haue lost my armes, my fame, my winde,
 Friends, brother, hopes, fortunes, and euen my fury?
 O happy were the man, could liue alone,
 To know no man, nor be of any knowne!

Har. My Lord,
 It is the manner once againe
 To reade the sentence.

Byr. Yet more sentences?
 How often will you make me suffer death?
 As yee were proud to heare your powerfull domes?
 I know and feele you were the men that gaue it,
 And die most cruelly to heare so often
 My crimes and bitter condemnation vrg'd;
 Suffice it, I am brought here; and obey,
 And that all here are priuey to the crimes.

Cha. It must be read my Lord, no remedy.

Byr. Reade, if it must be, then, and I must talke.

Har. The processe being extraordinarily made and examined by the Court, and chambers assembled---

Byr. Condemn'd for dispositions of a witch,
 The common disposition, and her whore
 To all whorish periuries and treacheries.
 Sure he cal'd vp the diuel in my spirits,
 And made him to vsurpe my faculties:
 Shall I be cast away now he's cast out?
 What Iustice in this? deare country-men,
 Take this true euidence, betwixt heauen and you,
 And quit me in your hearts.

Cha. Go on.

Har. Against *Charles Gontalt* of *Byron*: knight of both the orders; Duke of *Byron*, peere and marshall of *France*, Gouvernor of *Burgondy*, accus'd of treason in a sentence was giuen the 22 of this moneth, condemning the said Duke of *Byron* of high

R

treason,

reason, for his direct conspiracies against the Kings person;
enterprizes against his state-----

Byr. That is most false; let me for euer be,
Deprived of heauen as I shall be of earth,
If it be true; know worthy country-men,
These two and twenty moneths I haue bin cleere,
Of all attempts against the king and state.

Har. Treaties and trecheries with his Enemies; being Mar-
shall of the Kings army, for reparation of which crimes they
deprived him of all his estates, honors, and dignities and con-
demned him to lose his head vpon a Scaffold at the Greau.

Byr. The Greau? had that place stood for my dispatch I had
Not yeelded; all your forces should not
Stire me one foote, wilde horses should haue drawne,
My body peace-meale, ere you all had brought me.

Har. Declaring all his goods moueable and immoueable,
whatsoeuer to bee confiscate to the King: the Signory of *Byron*
to loose the title of Dutchy and Peere for euer.

Byr. Now is your forme contented?

Chan. I my Lord,

And I must now entreate you to deliuer;
Your order vp, the king demands it of you.

Byr. And I restore it with my vow of safety,
In that world, where both he and I are one,
I neuer brake the oath I tooke to take it.

Chs. Wel now my Lord wee'l take our latest leaues
Beseeching heauen to take as cleere from you,
All sence of torment in your willing death:
All loue and thought of what you must leaue here,
As when you shall aspire heauens highest sphere.

Byr. Thankes to your Lordship, and let me pray to,
That you will hold good censure of my life,
By the cleere witnesse of my soule in death,
That I haue neuer past act gainst the King,
Which if my faith had let me vndertake,
They had bin three yeares since, amongst the dead.

Har.

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

Har. Your soule shal finde his safety in his own,
Call the Executioner.

Byr. Good sir I pray,
Go after and beseech the Chancellor
That he will let my body be interd,
Amongst my predecessors at *Byron*.

Desc. I go my Lord.

Exit.

Byr. Go, go? can all go thus?
And no man come with comfort? farwell world,
He is at no end of his actions blest,
Whose ends will make him greatest and not best,
They tread no ground, but ride in aire on stormes,
That follow state, and hunt their empty formes,
Who see not that the vallies of the world,
Make euen right with mountaines, that they grow
Greene, and lye warmer, and euer peacefull are,
When clouds spit fire at hils, and burne them bare
Not Vallies part, but we should imitate streames
That run below the Vallies, and do yeeld
To euery mole-hill, euery Banke imbrace
That checks their courants, and whentorents come
That swell and raise them past their natural hight,
How mad they are, and troubl'd? like low straines,
With torrents crown'd, are men with Diadems.

Vit. My Lord tis late; wilt please you to go vp?

Byr. Vp? tis a faire preferment, ha, ha, ha,
There should go showts to vp-shots, not a breath
Of any mercy yet? come, since we must;
Whose this?

Pral. The executioner, my Lord,

Byr. Death slaue down, or by the bloud
That moues me, Ile pluck thy throat out, go,
Ile cal you straight, hold boy, and this.

Haag. Soft boy, ile barre you that.

Byr. Take this then, yet I pray thee, that againe,
I do not ioy in sight of such a Pageant

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

As presents death , though this life haue a curse;
Tis better then another that is worse.

Arch. My Lord, now you are blinde to this worlds sight,
Looke vpwards to a world of endlesse light.

Byr. I, you talke of vpward still to others,
And downewards looke, with headlong eyes your selues,
Now come you vp sir, but not touch me yet;
Where shall I be now?

Hang. Here my Lord.

Byr. Wher's that?

Hang. There, there, my Lord.

Byr. And where, slaue, is that there ?
Thou seest I see not, yet I speake as I saw;
Well, now 'ist fit?

Hang. Kneele I beseech your Grace,
That I may doe mine office with most order.

Byr. Do it, and if at one blow thou art short,
Giue one and thirty, ile indure them all.
Hold : stay a little, comes there yet no mercy ?
High Heauen curse these exemplary proceedings,
When Iustice failes , they sacrifice our example.

Hang. Let me beseech you I may cut your haire.

Byr. Out vgly image of my cruell Iustice,
Yet wilt thou be before me, stay my will,
Or by the will of Heauen ile strangle thee.

Vit. My Lord you make too much of this your body,
Which is no more your owne.

Byr. Nor is it yours;
Ile take my death with all the horrid rites,
And representments , of the dread it merits,
Let tame Nobility, and nummed fooles,
That apprehend not what they vndergoe,
Be such exemplary, and formall sheepe,
I will not haue him touch me till I will;
If you will needes racke me beyond my reason,
Hell take me, but Ile strangle halfe that's heere,

And

And force the rest to me, Ile leape downe
 If but once more they tempt me to dispaire;
 You wish my quiet, yet giue cause of fury:
 Thinke you to set rude windes vpon the Sea,
 Yet keepe it calme? or cast mee in a sleepe,
 With shaking of my chaines about mine eares?
 Oh honest Souldiers, you haue seene me free,
 From any care, of many thousand death!
 Yet, of this one, the manner doth amaze me.
 View, view, this wounded bosom, how much bound
 Should that man mak e me, that would shoote it through;
 Is it not pittie I should lose my life,
 By such a bloody and infamous stroake?

Soul. Now by thy spirit, and thy better Angell,
 If thou wert cleare, the Continent of *France*,
 Would shrinke beneath the burthen of thy death,
 Ere it would beare it!

Vit. Whose that?

Soul. I say well:

And cleare your Iustice, here is no ground shrinks,
 If hee were cleare it would; and I say more,
 Cleare, or not cleare, if hee with all his foulness,
 Stood here in one scale, and the Kings chiefe Minion,
 Stood in another; heere: Put heere a pardon,
 Heere lay a royall gift, this, this, in merit,
 Should hoyse the other Mynion into ayre.

Vit. Hence with that franticke:

Byr. This is some poore witnesse
 That my desert, might haue out-weighed my forsa
 But danger, haunts desert, when hee is greatest;
 His hearts ills, are prou'd out of his glaunces,
 And Kings suspitions, needes no Ballances;
 So heer's a most decreetall end of mee:
 Which I desire, in me, may end my wrongs;
 Commend my loue, I charge you, to my brothers;
 And by my loue, and miserie commaund them,

BYRONS TRAGEDIE.

To keepe their faiths that bind them to the King,
 And prooue no stomakers of my misfortunes;
 Nor come to Court, till time hath eaten out,
 The bloats and skarres of my opprobrious death;
 And tell the Earle, my deare friend of *D' Auvergne*,
 That my death vitterly were free from griefe.
 But for the sad losse of his worthy friendship;
 And if I had beene made for longer life,
 I would haue more deseru'd him in my seruice,
 Beseeching him to know I haue not vsde
 One word in my arraignment; that might touch him,
 Had I no other want then so ill meaning:
 And so farewell for euer, neuer more
 Shall any hope of my reuiuall see mee;
 Such is the endlesse exile of dead men,
 Summer succeedes the spring, Autumne the summer,
 The frosts of Winter, the false leaues of *Autumne*:
 All these and all fruites in them yearely fade,
 And every yeare returne; but cursed man,
 Shall neuer more renew, his vanisht face;
 Fall on your knees, then Statists ere yee fall,
 That you may rise againe: knees bent too late,
 Sticke you in earth like statues, see in mee
 How you are powr'd downe from your clearest heauens;
 Fall lower yet: mixt with th'vnmoued center,
 That your owne shadowes may no longer mocke yee.
 Strike, strike, oh strike,
 Flie, flie commaunding soule,
 And on thy wings for this thy bodies breath,
 Beare the eternall victory of death.

FINIS.



